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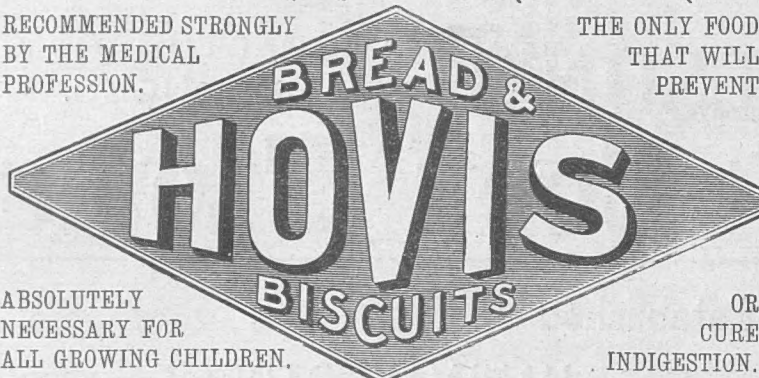
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No. 34.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.

MRS. WILFRID MEYNELL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Palace Court is over against Kensington Gardens, on the north side of the Park, and contains a number of more or less imposing red-brick houses, varied as to build, but little individual. The exception is Mr. Meynell's house, built for the owners by their friend Mr. Leonard Stokes. It is a gabled house, with long, low windows running all its length nearly—windows that are quaint outside and inside supplemented by raised floors and window-seats, and oddly charming.

The wind blew to and fro the curtainings of yellow silk within the heavier curtains of blue and white velvet of the long drawing-room windows when I was there in August. Mrs. Meynell sat facing me behind her tea-tray. Children danced about the room like golden butterflies—exquisite children, with enchanting, southern-tinted faces, and heads brown, warmly veined with gold. Mrs. Meynell's children are so beautiful that one sighs because they must grow up and such beauty be lost to the world. They have all the Italian colouring in skin and eyes: the great, velvety orbs have no kin at all with the light-hued Saxons. The hair of the lightest is brown-gold, of the darkest, brown, powdered with light, as you will see it in Venetian glass, and it ripples exquisitely from the crown of the head to make a soft halo around each peach-like face.

The room is very unlike any other room I have ever seen. It is, as I have said, very low. The walls are panelled with Japanese gold-coloured embroidery in large sheets. The mantelshelf is crowded with the varied and beautiful shapes and hues of Venetian glass. Pictures in this room are relegated to the window seat, where they lean thickly against the light wood. Tall lilies are everywhere about the room, and many vases with a graceful single flower.

Mrs. Meynell looks her poetry more than any other poet, man or woman, I have ever seen, and her poetry is heard in the cadences of her voice. It is an unforgettable face, to which no photograph does justice. Perhaps the best likeness of her is a drawing by her sister, Lady Butler. Mr. Francis Thompson, whose poems, which Messrs. Elkin Mathews and Lane will produce this autumn, are likely to be something of a literary sensation, surely had her in his mind when he wrote "To a Poet Breaking Silence"—

I think thy girlhood's watchers must
Have took thy folded songs on trust,
And felt them as one feels the stir
Of still lightnings in the air
When conscious hush expects the cloud
To speak the golden secret loud.
Which tacit air is privy to—

Keep'st thou not yet that subtle grace?
Yea, in this silent interspace
God sets His poems in thy face.



MRS. MEYNELL.

Photo by Resta, Bayswater.

Yes, that is true. All the poetry that during years Mrs. Meynell has abstained from has year by year written itself in a nobler beauty on her face.

They were in Italy when the poems of "Preludes" took root and grew. "Preludes," indeed, they might be called, as the first thoughts of a very young poet, but no "Preludes" if that implied the more perfect music were to come. I am loth to set my opinion against that of one so exceptionally well qualified to speak of poetry as Mr. Coventry Patmore, but when he exalts Mrs. Meynell's prose at the expense of her poetry

I believe he is misled by that conviction of his that no woman was ever yet a complete artist. Her prose is exquisite, no doubt, but then, her poetry follows one out of the book and lives in one's heart. It is something curiously sad and tender, with an austerity as of twilight or the winter fields. That unconscious austerity is, perhaps, the sign that they were the work of a young girl.

Italian influences are often in them, as for example—

A north-west wind will take the towers,
And, dark with colour, sunny and cold,
Will range alone amid the flowers.

"That is the north-west wind of Italy," says Mrs. Meynell, "and must be little intelligible to an English reader."

That Italian life was one to foster the artistic impulse in the two young sisters who so early were painting and writing poetry. Their father, whom Mrs. Meynell commemorates in one of her noblest essays, was in the thick of the intellectual movement of his time, while content to add nothing to the literature he might have adorned. One guesses at Mrs. Meynell's companionship with him. Their mother is a musician devoted to her art, a woman of rare imagination and full of poetical thoughts. One remembers

In the Campagna it is dim, warm weather.
The spring comes with a full heart silently,
And many thoughts.

And in those growing days for the girls the whole family was under the influence of the religious emotion which, by-and-by, was to make them

join the Catholic Church. The spell of Italy was working subtly in them. Elizabeth Thompson was turning from the soldiers she had been drawing from babyhood to paint an Assumption, wherewith to delight her mother. She learnt soon enough that her vocation was not religious art, but to paint the British soldier. One wishes vainly that her sister had not been able to leave the poetry-making, which was her first vocation, and to steel herself to a silence that, with her exquisite capacity for expression, must be curiously difficult.

"Preludes" made fit and few listeners for Alice Thompson. It was partly due to Mr. Ruskin's enthusiasm that the poems were given to print. One can well believe in Mrs. Meynell's willingness to let them lie all their days in a portfolio. Rossetti was another who was quick to see their beauty. "He sent me this, by way of recognition," says Mrs. Meynell, handing me an autograph edition of his poems, bound in padded grey morocco and silver lettering. The late Laureate, I have heard, asked why the book had not been sent him—a rare compliment from the poet, who gave least quarter to young writers. A less resounding recognition than Lady Butler received for "The Roll Call"—when she

was mobbed in the street and at railway stations by a friendly crowd—but a finer one, perhaps.

I ask Mrs. Meynell how the new edition of "Preludes" and the volume of her "Essays" published by Messrs. Mathews and Lane have taken. Second editions of both are nearly sold, which says a good deal for contemporary literary taste.

Mrs. Meynell is well known in London and London literary circles, yet, looking at her, I am aware of a certain remoteness. She belongs more of right to the country—the real country, not the fashionable. "Oh," she sighs over my offered bunch of wild-flowers, "here is ground-ivy, dearest of all, because it brings the fields!" And in the words there is the sigh of the exile rather than the mere lover of the country, who will return joyfully from it to Piccadilly. And before I leave she confesses to me that her great idea of pleasantness is to dig in a potato garden, where it is so delightful to turn up from the fresh earth the smooth, white "spuds" that are supposed to be the "real gold of Ireland," but, in reality, are far more appreciated by the Englishman.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"The case is as typical a case of Asiatic cholera as any that I have had to examine hitherto."—Dr. Klein's verdict on the case of the charwoman employed at the House of Commons who died of cholera is sufficient to frighten many people. To Dr. Klein will at once be submitted every suspicious case occurring in the Metropolis.

In the midst of such trouble, it is, however, very assuring to learn from the Royal Commission on the London Water Supply that the water as supplied to the consumer in London is of a very high standard of excellence and of purity, and that it is suitable in quality for all household purposes. "There is no danger of the spread of disease by this water," provided that there is adequate storage, and that the water is efficiently filtered before delivery to the consumers." The present sources of supply will be sufficient for a population of over 10,000,000, which will last forty years hence if the present rate of increase is maintained.

Some very conflicting evidence has been led before the Opium Commission—antagonistic, by missionaries, on the one hand, and favourable, by Indian officials, on the other. Sir J. Strachey, for instance, declared that a free gift of £100,000,000 would not compensate that country for the loss it would sustain by the destruction of one of its greatest industries. He pooh-poohed the idea of opium being a crying evil.

Statistics, as a rule, are not very satisfying; but the figures which occur in the Postmaster-General's annual report are always interesting. During the year ending March the finance of the department was disturbed, partly by concessions made in favour of the public. The postal revenue amounted to £10,344,000, and the expenditure to £6,518,000.

The total number of letters delivered during the twelve months was 1,790,500,000, or 46 per head of the population; post-cards, 444,000; book packets, &c., 535,200,000, newspapers, 162,800,000, and parcels, 32,370,000—the whole reaching the enormous figure of 2,732,270,000, with an average per head of 72·6.

The Dead-Letter Office had to deal with 6,357,439 letters, and 518,772 newspapers that could not be delivered. About 32,000 had no address at all, and of these 955 contained cash, &c., to the value of £5000. Among the letters returned from abroad was one addressed "Jacob Stainer, Esq., Violin Maker, Absam, Germany," with an endorsement in German and English to the effect that the gentleman addressed had been dead two hundred years, and, therefore, could not possibly forward his price-list as requested.

At first sight it almost seems grotesque to find a scheme for the colonisation of England; yet no scheme is more needed in our midst. Everywhere in these islands land formerly used for wheat-growing is falling out of cultivation. The English Land Colonisation Society has been formed to remedy this. It proposes to do so by letting land on a perpetual lease to those prepared to find the necessary capital to stock it, and there are other objects in its view. The sittings of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, which opened on Thursday, may help it.

The coal crisis seems further from settlement than ever by the decision of the Miners' Federation. The ballot resulted in overwhelming majorities against accepting a reduction of wages and against arbitration, while as to partial resumption of work at the old rate of wages the votes were 61,496 for and 92,256 against. It is estimated that the Midland Company has lost £400,000 by the strike, and that the total loss of six companies is £1,200,000.

An ugly outrage occurred on Sunday morning at St. Helens, where the kitchen of the house of a fireman who had returned to work was blown up, the furniture being damaged, the brick and stone work thrown down, and the windows for some distance around smashed.

Mr. John Burns was not very optimistic in the speech he delivered at the great demonstration held at the Dockers' Congress at Bristol last

week. Organised capital meant organised labour, and that in turn a social, political, and municipal movement, verging at times on riot and social upheaval that threatened to become civil war. His remedy is to transfer the battle between Capital and Labour from the store and the union to every local and imperial body. The congress practically came to an end on Thursday, when Mr. Ben Tillett spoke on Trades Unionism, which he characterised as the foremost of the political, social, and religious movements of the day.

Sir Horace Davey has at last come into his own by being made a Lord Justice of Appeal in the room of Lord Justice Bowen, who succeeds Lord Hennen. A double first at Oxford, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, obtaining silk in 1875. In 1880 he entered Parliament for Christchurch, and afterwards for Stockton-on-Tees, where he was defeated at the last general election. He is just sixty years of age.

Sir Antony Patrick McDonnell has been appointed to succeed Sir Philip Hutchins on the Council of the Viceroy of India. It is close on thirty years since he entered the Indian Civil Service.

The mother of "Ouida" has died at her villa near Florence. Madame de la Ramée was an Englishwoman, and married a Frenchman, becoming the mother of the novelist fifty-three years ago.

Word has just come from Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is exploring Polar regions. An interview with him will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The memorial to Izaak Walton, proposed on the occasion of the tercentenary of his death, is to take the shape of a stained-glass window in the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street, of which the gentle angler was once a churchwarden.

The Prince of Wales's yacht Britannia has given the American yacht Navahoe a severe beating, winning the May Cup by thirty-six minutes. Out of the three trophies which the Navahoe challenged for she has won only the Brenton Reef Cup.

Nottingham has positively wallowed in science up-to-date, as supplied by the British Association during the past week.

The financial result of the Three Choirs' Festival, held at Worcester last week, is highly satisfactory. The offertories amounted to £1042 16s. 3d., an advance on the last meeting in this city—a handsome contribution to the charity. The musical expenses have been met without a call on the guarantors. The total attendance at the performances amounted to 13,891.

An alarming accident occurred on Saturday morning in the railway tunnel between Corsham and Box, when an express train from Paddington left the rails and was dashed into by a slow train from Bristol. No one was killed, but a good many passengers were injured.

A fodder warehouse of the London General Omnibus Company in Harrow Road was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, damage to the extent of £30,000 being done. The building had recently replaced a smaller one, which was also burned down one morning in April last year.

One is reminded forcibly of the fall of the D'Urbervilles by the fate of James Defoe, the great-great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The old man is a paralysed outdoor pauper at Bishop's Stortford. His son, Daniel, an apprentice sailor, is possibly the last lineal descendant of Defoe.

Mr. Charles Mitchell has left our shores to uphold "the honour of Old England" by fighting the American champion pugilist, Corbett. He declared to a crowd of admirers at Euston that he will either win or die in the attempt. Is it possible to do both?

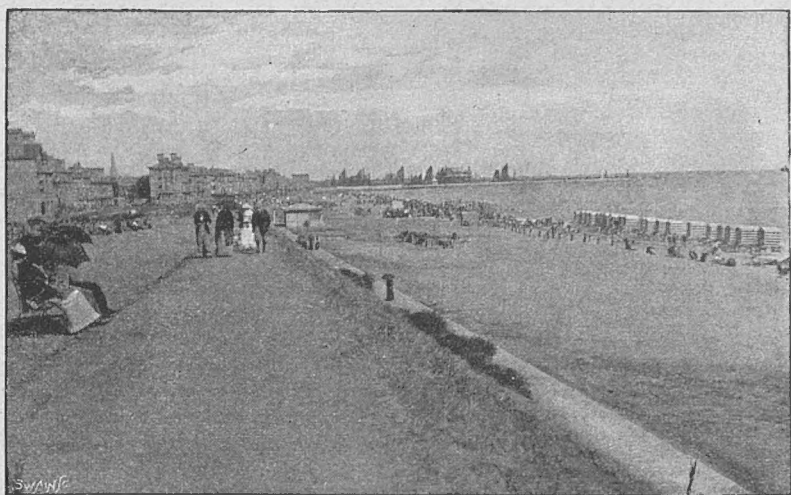
The declaration that the policeman's life is not a happy one was never better confirmed than by the attempt recently made to drown a constable at Westminster, when four tramps threw him into the Thames. Only one of the four has been arrested.

An old Royal Horse Artilleryman named Thompson was convicted at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday of having sent a letter to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of War, threatening to murder him on account of some grievance. He was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Another man with a grievance—Bernard Dunn, to wit—who struck Mr. Brodrick with a whip, apologised for his conduct, and was discharged.

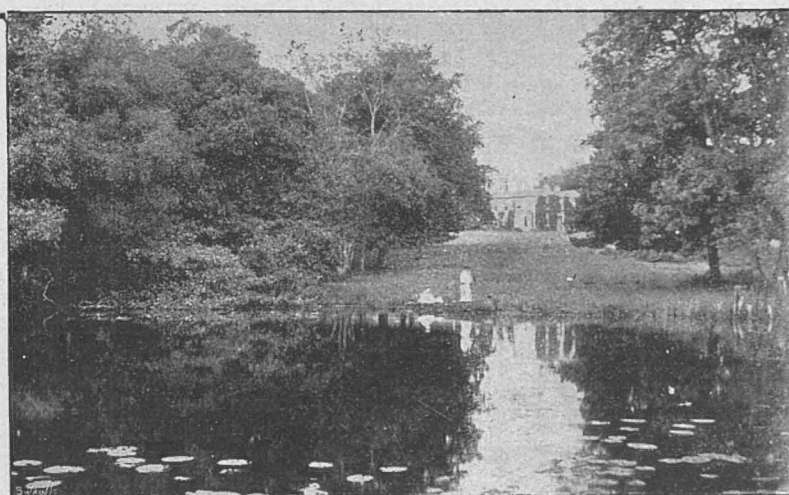
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 Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday.
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LOWESTOFT AND THE BROADS.

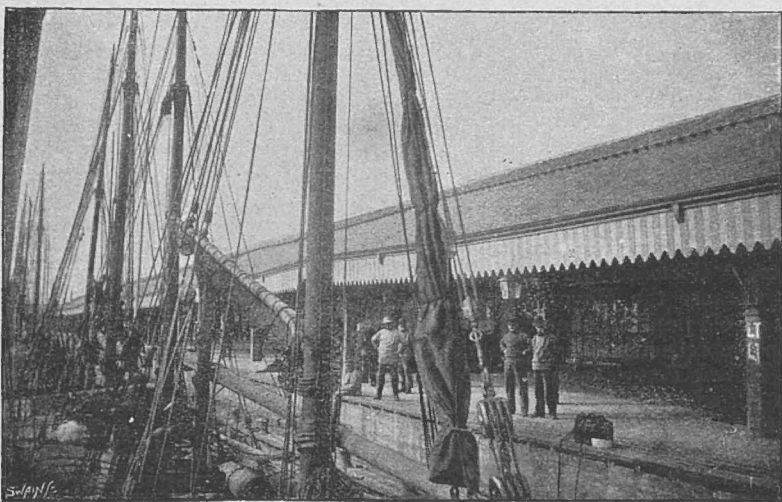
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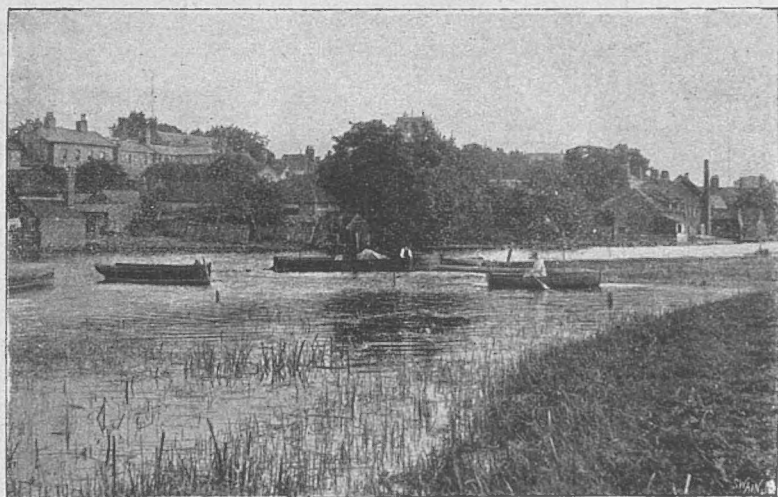
LOWESTOFT BEACH FROM KIRKLEY CLIFF.



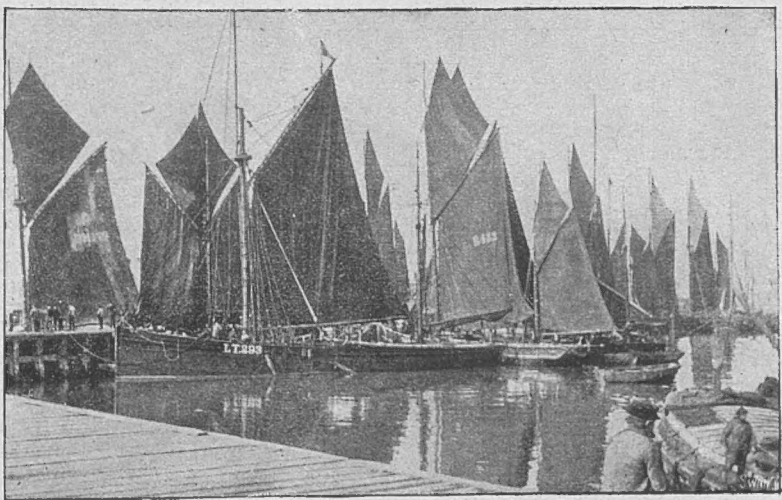
FRITTON HALL, AT FRITTON BROAD.



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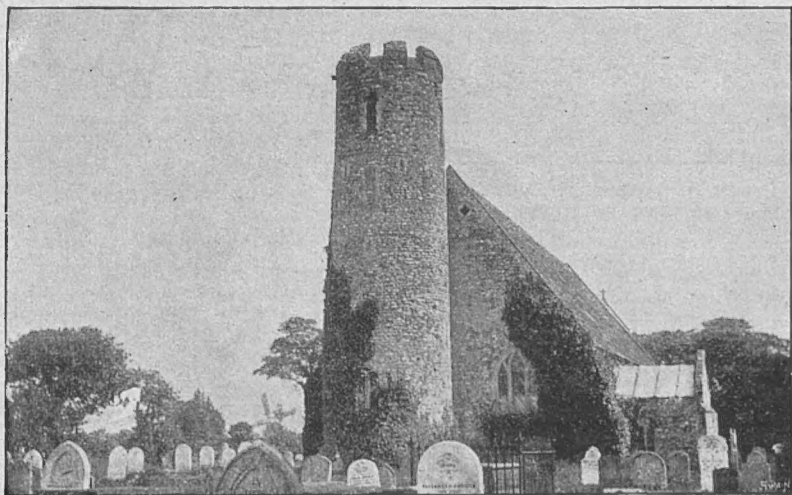
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OULTON.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Worcester last week was a city of song. It put on its triennial garb of gay decoration to do honour to the 170th Festival of the Three Choirs. The thousands who thronged the cathedral morning, noon, and night wended their way thitherward beneath brave bunting and between lines of spectators. The formal proceedings commenced on Sunday morning, when a special sermon—special, also, in its eloquence—was preached by the Dean of Worcester.

Mr. Hugh Blair, B.A., Mus.Bac., who conducted the festival for the first time, is of north country parentage, though he was born in

Worcester. He is thirty years old, and is the son of the late Rev. A. Blair. He graduated at Cambridge, where he had the advantage of tuition from Dr. Stanford and Dr. Garrett, to the latter of whom he owes an especial debt of gratitude. In 1887 he became assistant organist at Worcester Cathedral. His chief composition, so far, is a pretty harvest cantata, which has been very popular. His "Festal Te Deum," in D minor, composed expressly for this meeting, has also had a gratifying reception. Only experience can give Mr. Blair what he at present lacks before he can be considered a perfect conductor. His beat increased in confidence during the festival, and his acquaintance with



Photo by T. Bennett and Sons, Worcester.
MR. HUGH BLAIR.

the works performed was unquestionable. He is an excellent organist, and revels in playing the "king of instruments."

Monday was given up to careful rehearsals, which quickly proved the efficiency of the orchestra led by Mr. A. Burnett; of the choir; and of the conductor, who was new to his task. At the Hereford Festival it was young Mr. G. R. Sinclair who won early laurels by his admirable conducting. At Worcester this year Mr. Hugh Blair held the bâton for the first time at these meetings. In the evening I looked in at the cathedral for half an hour to hear a rehearsal by the cathedral choir. The boys have exceptionally fine voices, while the tenors and basses are strong and sweet singers. Then to the Public Hall. Dr. Parry, ruddy with that enthusiastic glow which is so contagious, was conducting his new orchestral piece, specially composed for this festival. In the front seats of the hall were seated most of the soloists. Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice was wonderfully bright, and his popularity with performers and the public was shown in hearty applause after he had given two songs by Schubert. It was a very thorough rehearsal, which could not help having a beneficial effect.

Glorious weather brought everybody out of doors very quickly, and by eight o'clock I heard Mr. Watkin Mills practising energetically. He tells me that recent golf-playing has so expanded his chest that it has added two more notes to his voice. So all rising singers must begin to "put," if they want to achieve this consummation devoutly to be wished.

The real commencement of the festival took place this morning with "Elijah." The cathedral quickly filled, and by 11.30 the procession of the clergy was advancing through the nave. There were many pretty costumes noticeable among the ladies; a harmony of fawn and pale blue was one of the most attractive. A blouse of *eau-de-Nil* satin also looked effective. The choir lacked a little warmth at the opening, although there was a shining row of gas-jets above them. After luncheon the singing was considerably better. It must be confessed that the performance altogether was only of mediocre quality. The conductor was not to blame for this; Mr. Hugh Blair sustained a steady beat throughout. One of the successes of the morning was Miss Jessie King's pathetic delivery of "Woe unto them." Madame Belle Cole, appearing for the first time at these meetings, was in capital voice; her singing of "Oh, rest in the Lord" showed most careful attention to the traditional rendering, so careful, indeed, that the "letter" almost killed the "spirit" of the air. Mr. Lloyd, Miss Anna Williams, and Mr. Watkin Mills sang like the great artistes they are.

The Mayor of Worcester, the Hon. Percy Allsopp, M.P., and Mrs. Allsopp received a very large number to luncheon during the

interval. The Guildhall was prettily embowered in flowers, and a stream of guests passed between the statues of Carolus I. and Carolus II. to enjoy the hospitality of his Worship. Madame Albani commenced the second part with "Hear ye, Israel," her liquid notes floating exquisitely throughout the cathedral. She wore a cream-coloured satin costume, on which glittered the Jubilee Medal given to the *prima donna* by her Sovereign. It is a great pity that in the concerted pieces—e.g., the terzetto, "Lift thine eyes"—Madame Albani cannot subdue her fine voice to harmonise with the efforts of others. As it was, she quite outsang her comrades. The best solo singing was that of Mr. Mills, although every now and again one's recollection of Mr. Santley in the rôle of the Prophet made one see blemishes which only experience can remove. Irony is not one of Mr. Watkin Mills's gifts as yet.

"Israel in Egypt," even when prefaced with Beethoven's "Grand Symphony No. 7," failed to fill the cathedral in the evening. The symphony was carefully played, though more slowly than usual. A great man once declared that symphonies ought to be heard with one's eyes closed, so, perhaps, the critic's eyes ought to be blind to faults in an excellent rendering. In "Israel in Egypt," the "Hailstone Chorus" and "The depths have covered them" were sung with great spirit. Madame Belle Cole introduced too many changes into her solo, "Their land brought forth frogs," to make it praiseworthy. The duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," received able treatment from Mr. W. H. Brereton and Mr. Ineson.

Another bright day. The morning and afternoon were given up to a capital performance of Bach's "Mass in B Minor," for which the orchestral parts and score were lent by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The attendance was not nearly so large as on the previous day. Miss Anna Williams, in beautiful voice, made her best success with the air "Laudamus Te," following the "Gloria," during which, as usual, the congregation remained standing. Miss Hilda Wilson (in magenta, trimmed with lace) joined with Miss Williams in the duets most artistically, and sang the "Agnus Dei" air with pathos.

The evening concert in the Public Hall is the one excursion into so-called secular music during the festival. Ladies produce their daintiest costumes, men appear in formal evening dress, and applause, sounding strangely after the solemnity of the cathedral, is unrestrained. I believe one of the reasons why Carl August Fischer's symphonic poem, "Gretchen im Dom," found a place on the programme was because the Mayor of Worcester, the Hon. Percy Allsopp, M.P., was an old pupil of the composer. The piece is not likely to make a deep impression; the organ and orchestra detract from each other. Dr. Hubert Parry's orchestral piece, composed expressly for this festival, was entirely successful. It is a vivid piece of writing, and extremely interesting to hear. Without going into detail, the concert embraced two songs by Schubert, sung by Mr. Lloyd, with an over-powerful accompaniment, some "Tempest" music by Sullivan, well interpreted, and vocal selections by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Plunket Greene.

This favourite singer has especial reason to like Worcester, for it was at the festival in 1884 that her charming voice was heard for the first

time at these meetings. How sweetly she sang "Regret" at the secular concert nine years ago! At Birmingham, in the previous year, Mrs. Hutchinson had sung with much acceptance; and since that date she has been in constant request for classical music in London and in all parts of the country. Her voice is extremely pleasant, and quite capable of the most delicate shades. It often comes as a relief after the more strenuous efforts of more powerful singers. To hear Mrs. Hutchinson at her best is to listen to her rendering such an air as "How beautiful are the feet." She has a great liking for operatic airs, and sang the selection from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" admirably at the Public Hall concert. She keeps *au courant* with most novelties in the musical world.



Photo by Vandyk, Queen's Gate, S.W.

MRS. HUTCHINSON.

A more encouraging attendance assembled for "Job" than on the previous morning. The cathedral was agreeably cool after the warmth of sunshine out of doors. Dr. Hubert Parry conducted his own composition. Mr. W. H. Brereton, in excellent voice and style, was the narrator. I was amused to hear

that Miss Anna Williams, who always thoroughly studies all the parts of a new work, quite envied Mr. Brereton his task. Mr. Plunket Greene repeated the great success with which he assumed the rôle of Job at Gloucester. Mr. Edwin Houghton sang Satan's part with clear enunciation. Last year the Shepherd Boy was personated by Master Lovelock, who was then nearly seventeen, and has since relinquished solo singing. On this occasion Master Perrins' voice rang out clearly and confidently to the exquisite pastoral accompaniment. The chorus could not excel the enthusiasm when the work was first produced, but it almost attained to it. I shall not forget a remark made by Professor Huxley when asked his opinion of "Job" at the conclusion of its production. The right hon. gentleman said, "I could with pleasure hear it all over again immediately."

It is pleasant to record the success of a comparatively new arrival in the ranks of vocalists. Undoubtedly, at this festival Miss Jessie King



Photo by Walter Davey, Harrogate.

MISS JESSIE KING.

has "made good her standing-ground," as Goethe puts it. Her singing has been characterised by care and artistic feeling, without which her fine voice would not have made so favourable an impression. She is a pupil of Mrs. Layton, of London, and first sang at an organ recital in Gloucester Cathedral, where Mr. C. Lee Williams formed at once a high opinion of her style. She appeared afterwards at a concert given by the Gloucester Choral Society, and also at Bristol and Cheltenham. Last year, it may be recalled, she sang in some concerted music during the festival. She has, in addition to a good voice, a pleasant appearance, and is extremely modest as to her attainments. There

is no doubt that Miss King is an acquisition as an oratorio singer.

"The Last Judgment" was given after the interval, the soloists being Madame Albani, Miss Jessie King, Mr. Houghton, and Mr. Plunket Greene. The cathedral presented a crowded appearance for Brahms' "German Requiem" and Mendelssohn's ever-popular "Hymn of Praise." In the former Mr. Watkin Mills and Madame Albani sang admirably, and the chorus maintained a fair level of excellence.

From far and wide crowds came to the cathedral on this, "the great day of the feast." The performances of "The Messiah," especially at these festivals, never loses its charm.

The choir were in capital voice, and particularly in "For unto us a Child is born" showed a simultaneity which had been lacking previously. The orchestra, led very skilfully by Mr. Burnett, played excellently under the steady beat of Mr. Blair. Just as the words "And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" were reached a shaft of light filled the cathedral with sunshine. Mr. Lloyd sang the opening recitative and air with exquisite taste. Mr. Plunket Greene put a great deal of earnestness into his solos, and Madame Albani's achievements need no praise after so many triumphs. Miss Jessie King gained deservedly many new admirers of her singing by the way in which she sang "O Thou that tellest." Miss Hilda Wilson was, as usual, very satisfactory in "He shall feed His flock," and in the plaintive air, "He was despised." A curious point to be noted was the singing by Mr. Edward Lloyd of the recitative, "He was cut off," which had been allotted in the programme to Mrs. Hutchinson. It may be quite properly given thus, for in the Buckingham Palace score it is intended for the tenor; latterly it has often been given by a soprano, and Mrs. Hutchinson was evidently unprepared for the change. In Part II. she made a great effect with "How beautiful are the feet." Mr. Brereton eclipsed all his previous efforts by the splendid fervour with which he gave "Why do the nations?" The beautiful duet, "O Death, where is thy sting?"—constantly omitted—received admirable treatment from Miss Wilson and Mr. Houghton. The whole performance was delightful. The closing service in the choir attracted hundreds, who were thrilled with Mrs. Hutchinson's beautiful singing of the anthem, Handel's "Let the bright seraphim."

To briefly summarise the festival: "Job" may be considered the best performance in its entirety, the "Hymn of Praise" coming almost up to this standard; "The Messiah" was the most popular, Bach's Mass was the most venturesome, and Beethoven's symphony was, perhaps, the best liked by musicians. The choir progressed in style; the orchestra was effective, except in occasional accompaniments. Of the singers, Mr. Watkin Mills advanced his reputation in oratorio work, Mr. Plunket Greene revealed new charms, and Miss Jessie King has started well; the others need no special mention.

A GAELIC SINGER.

There is a fine air of old-worldness about a national gathering of any kind, especially in the case of peoples so clannish as the Welsh and the



Photo by Alexander, Glasgow.

MISS J. N. MACLACHLAN.

Queen at Balmoral, when she was presented with a gold bracelet.

Highlanders of Scotland. The Eisteddfod is an old-established function, but the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland have been a little behindhand, for they have had but two such gatherings. The second Mod—pronounced "Maud"—of the Highland Association was held at Oban yesterday week. The gathering was a regular meeting of the Maes. For instance, at a grand concert of Gaelic music held in the evening the soloists were Miss J. N. MacLachlan, Miss M'Kechnie, Miss M. M'Donald, and Mr. K. D. M'Kenzie. Miss MacLachlan is probably the principal Gaelic vocalist in Scotland. She figured at the Mod last year, and was commanded to appear before the

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS' CONGRESS.

It is the most natural thing in the world that journalists, who practically have created the modern congress craze, should have a conference of their own, as their Institute is having this week. Their welcome to London is the heartiest possible—so hearty, indeed, that delegates will find it difficult to give attention to every function. The appearance of



Zola is the most notable event on the more purely professional side of the Congress, while the great social event is the reception by the Corporation of the City of London, the invitation to which is here reproduced. It is allegorical, and represents the influence of the Press.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

"THE OTHER FELLOW," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Perhaps the popular phrase "Get your 'air cut" would have been a better title than "The Other Fellow" for Mr. Fred Horner's version of "Champignol Malgré Lui," for reasons that will very soon appear.



"L'anse du panier" (perquisites).

MISS AIDA JENOURE AND MISS PATTIE BROWNE.

Still, such a title would hardly pass muster at the Court. In order to understand the story, you must bear in mind the fact that every Frenchman—rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief—when he becomes of age has to serve three years in the army. There is no fun about it; he must become a *Piou-piou*, which is French for Tommy Atkins, even if he happen to be an aristocrat, and a grateful country will pay him for his services at the rate of a halfpenny a day—which, for some time, is more than he is worth—minus certain deductions. Even then he has not discharged his debt to the State, but remains liable to be called on for twenty-eight days' training in camp as a Reservist at very short notice, which is almost as trying as one's duty to serve on a coroner's jury.

However, to the system there are some exceptions, and as the result of them the Vicomte de St. Fontaine had never served in the army—small loss to France, since the Vicomte was a skimpy little aristocrat, a fact that might have served him in actual war, since small men are less likely billets for bullets than large. St. Fontaine had loved Madame Champignol before her marriage with all the fervour of his narrow-chested heart, and after the event continued to worship her, though he prudently added another hook to his line in the shape of a *demoiselle à marier* with a big dot.

Madame Champignol—called Agnes as *petit nom*—was virtuous but imprudent, instead of vicious but prudent, as many are, and even went a trip in the country with St. Fontaine when her husband was out of town; so for punishment she met some country cousins of hers, the Camels. As they did not know her husband, and rarely came to town, she introduced her gallant to them as Champignol. Retribution came quickly. The real husband had been summoned to join his regiment and do his twenty-eight days, and forgot all about it till after a warrant for his arrest as a deserter had been issued. Happening to hear of the warrant before it was executed, he hurried off to the camp.

St. Fontaine was *chez* Champignol when the police arrived. What was to be done? The Camels were present; to declare himself St. Fontaine would utterly ruin Madame Champignol's reputation, so the poor little man accepted his fate and the policeman's arm, and was carried off as prisoner to the camp under the name of Champignol.

Now, the Captain of the company when in mufti was amiability itself, but when in barracks a ferocious martinet. This is necessary, for, as you see, officers must make friends with civilians, and under the French system the man at whose house you dined last night may be a Reservist,

a private under your command to-morrow. Discipline would be impossible without impartial severity.

There were, then, two Champignols in camp in the 175th Regiment, and you can guess that it led to confusion. Some dramatists would have punished St. Fontaine by making him bear all Champignol's stripes, but in "The Other Fellow" the hot water—and plenty of it—for a while is equally shared by them. The genuine "Cham" was a well-known artist and proud of his hair, and the false one had a fair crop. Now, fate arranged it that the ferocious Captain kept coming in contact with St. Fontaine, while his adjutant only encountered the real artist.

Both these Dromios had been put in the celis as deserters; after a while the Captain released St. Fontaine, and bid him paint his portrait, which was a task rather beyond his power, but, of course, he durst not refuse and disclose the fact that he was not the artist, and so he drew a frightful caricature, which hardly pleased the Captain, who, however, knowing nothing of art, did not venture to assume that it was utterly amateurish. In his vexation he ordered St. Fontaine's hair to be cut and put him on fatigue duty. By a natural confusion the hair of the real Champignol was cut instead of St. Fontaine's, and the Captain, meeting the sham artist a little while later, found his hair still too long, and, sending for the adjutant, inquired why his order had not been obeyed. The adjutant, of course, replied that it had, and was called a liar for his pains, so that time after time the real Champignol went under the barber's hands till his head was as smooth as a piston rod, while St. Fontaine remained an Absalom, and all the officers got into trouble over him.

I cannot, of course, pretend to tell all the troubles that came of the confusion which led to both of them being put on duty as sentries at the same spot and fraternising, each in ignorance of the other's identity. Indeed, St. Fontaine went so far as to tell the whole tale, suppressing the names, to Champignol, who thoroughly enjoyed it. After a while, however, the artist learnt part of the truth and attempted to assault him in the ranks, but, of course, was dragged off and put in cells.

How did it end? It ended as most tales do where a clever woman is concerned. In undue course, husband and wife met and had a row, until Madame Champignol convinced her lord and master that she was innocent, that St. Fontaine had pestered her with his attentions, and to punish him and save her husband she had allowed the police to think the little aristocrat was the man they came to seek as a deserter. Then these two put their heads together and their tongues also, and convinced the Captain that St. Fontaine was Champignol, and that the real man was an impostor; so the Vicomte was punished for his philandering by being compelled to do all the husband's twenty-eight days, while the artist and his pretty wife took a month's holiday.

A merry play it is, a little weak in the intrigue, but full of comical episodes, which give the clever company plenty of chances of causing



"If you're an officer, you may."

MISS PATTIE BROWNE AND MR. NAINBY.



"A quiet girl from the country desires place in a Christian family."

MISS PATTIE BROWNE.

hearty laughter. The second act, which occurs in the camp, is, in fact, very diverting, though it requires more rapid acting. Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as the real and false Champignol, are a perfect contrast in appearance and style, and each gains by dint of



"Le Gaptin is a great friend of mine."

MR. DRAYCOTT AND MR. WYES.

comparison. Their work will even add to their reputation. Miss Aida Jenoure, till lately one of the brightest stars of comic opera, acts cleverly as Madame Champignol. Praise is also due to Mr. C. Brookfield, Miss Pattie Browne, Mr. Wyes, and many others.

E. F. S.



"Would you like it cut any closer?"

MR. C. BROOKFIELD AND MR. C. GROVES.



The real "Cham" and the sham "Cham."

MR. C. GROVES AND MR. W. GROSSMITH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the most interesting books of the new season to students of literary history will be Mr. Francis Espinasse's "Reminiscences." Mr. Espinasse has had a long and varied journalistic career, including the editorship of papers in Edinburgh, Manchester, and the Metropolis. But his best work, perhaps, was done on the London *Critic*, a paper which at one time had a very good circulation, and was almost a rival to the *Athenæum*. It was the organ of the fervid school of *littérateurs*, and introduced to the public Alexander Smith and other writers. Mr. Espinasse was the literary gossipier, and there has never been a better since his day. He was on terms of close intimacy with Carlyle and his wife. His new book promises to be a substantial and painstaking contribution to the history of Victorian literature.

Mr. Stevenson is indefatigable. It is difficult to keep up with the mere names of his numerous stories, and they show no falling off in power. I am assured that the last one which has reached this country, "The Ebb Tide," is as good as anything he has written. But in addition to this Mr. Stevenson's superabundant energy finds vent in long letters home. He does not, as a rule, write these with his own hands, but his friends and even those who have not his personal acquaintance receive from him as much as fifteen or sixteen pages at a time of vivid, bright, genial writing. His last story is to appear in a new weekly paper.

The biography of the season will probably be the Life of Dr. Pusey. The late Dr. Liddon bestowed immense pains upon it. He was a graphic and forcible writer, and knew as well as anyone the whole circumstances of the period. He was almost the last outstanding representative of Dr. Pusey's opposition to Biblical criticism in the Church of England. But Pusey, though latterly so hostile to criticism, in his early days flirted with the Germans, and it will be curious to see how Dr. Liddon disposes of this episode in his career.

Mr. Anstey's "Man from Blankley's" (Chatto) should soon be on the stage. It is a very pretty imbroglia indeed, and would make an effective *lever de rideau*. Ordinary stage management even could not shirk the dinner party and its slight difficulties in the year that has seen a public meeting on the boards. It is one of the best things Mr. Anstey has done for a long time. The other dialogues, "Voices Populi," are middling. Mr. Anstey has always a twinkle in his eye, and he never writes funny things so as to make melancholy. He was in capital form at the Vegetarian Restaurant and at the Whistler Exhibition, and at the place of public amusement, where he watched the Dilatory Dinners. Sometimes, however, Punch called for amusement when Mr. Anstey was evidently tired, and three or four of the dialogues this time are flat. Mr. Bernard Partridge is, of course, admirable as the illustrator.

Mr. Grant Allen is in his element in "The Scallywag" (Chatto). He has a nice young man for his hero, a model of all the domestic virtues, of very blue blood and very narrow circumstances, and he makes him very happy and prosperous in the end. His parents drop their "h's," and live in an alley in a market town in Surrey; but his father the cab-driver is all the same Sir Emery Gascoyne, and the hero and his sister mind their "h's," and are just as cultured as it is possible for them to be. Faith, the sister, went straight from tending the infants in the Hillborough national schools to the selectest of Oxford circles, and everybody admires her toilet, and her manners, and her cultivation, and a moneyed young man from Sheffield in fear and trembling begs for her blue-blooded hand.

Nothing goes wrong in this smuggest of all smug worlds. The villain is sent to the bottom of the sea; the disagreeable man who called the nice hero a "scallywag" is punished by having to marry a dreadful adventuress, with no aristocratic blood in her veins at all, and the Jewish money-lender, who had speculated on the hero's education and prospective title, repents of his usury, and dies bequeathing to him his blessing and his fortune. Is all this Mr. Allen's way of revolting against the quite contrary arrangements of the world that is?

Another story of about equal probability is Mr. Molloy's "Excellent Knave" (Hutchinson). Mr. Molloy likes to follow the fashion of the day, and lately detectives have been much in vogue, so he gives us a detective. Gillesby is not so uncanny a man as Sherlock Holmes, but there is a fascination about him, nevertheless. His rule is, when in difficulties play the flute. His flute, we are given to understand, has brought many a pretty fellow to the gallows. How he finds the answer to the riddle, Why is a certain lady portrait-painter in the Fulham Road like an uncaught double murderer? is told with a good deal of spirit. Mr. Molloy's plot has a very home-made air, but you can't say the book is dull.

If any literary or other lounge finds himself in "leafy Warwickshire," he may be glad to be helped in his lazy wanderings by Mr. George Morley's "Rambles in Shakspeare's Land" (Record Press). The thing has been done before, of course. Guide-books are numerous, and the literary tourist has often written down the impressions that Stratford left on him. Mr. Morley's book is very little, which is a comfort, just big enough to suggest all a lounge would bring himself to see of Stratford, and Charlecote, and Warwick, and the Avon, unless he left off being a lounge and became a full-blown tourist. 9. 9.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is pleasant to record the fact that Lord Cadogan in Prisoner is possessed of a good horse at last. I looked the horse over at Goodwood just before the race for the Stewards' Cup. I thought him handsome, but he is a fidgety animal, and therefore not to be trusted in sprints, but now that he has been proved to be a stayer he is certain to pay his way. Lord Cadogan does not own many horses, but he likes them to win, and is disappointed when they get beaten. He first trained with Gilbert at Newmarket, then with Tom Cannon at Stockbridge. Lord Cadogan is fond of racing, but he is not a gambler, and he likes to see his colours carried, so that his horses invariably win in all the races for which they are entered. His Lordship wore whiskers when Viscount Chelsea, which, I am bound to add, did not become him. Now he, like Lord Rosebery, is clean shaven, and to-day Lord Cadogan, to my way of thinking, looks much younger than he did when he went into the Lower House for Bath twenty years ago. Lord Cadogan's son, the present Viscount Chelsea, is fond of sport. He rides straight to hounds, is a good shot, a capital cricketer, and a successful angler.

I was glad to see that Mr. Duff bought in several of his steeplechasers when they were offered for sale. I believe they will be trained by Swatton, and run in their owner's colours as usual. I hear of one or two owners who are about to join the stable, which is likely to repeat the successes gained last winter. Lord Hastings is to patronise the winter sport largely, and Lord Shrewsbury intends to increase his holding in jumpers. I have heard that Mrs. Langtry will have a few steeplechasers in training, and Mr. E. Hobson has already made arrangements to become a patron of the pastime. Mr. Charley Thompson, who has been riding on the Continent of late, has given up his private training establishment, but he has a few animals in Wheeler's stable at Rottingdean. I am somewhat surprised that our racecourse officials, such as Mr. Hyde of Kempton and Mr. Sotham of Gatwick, do not own jumpers, and Mr. Joe Davis, who is largely interested in the Hurst Park course, certainly should take a practical interest in sport under National Hunt Rules.

The racing world will be livelier when the next Newmarket meeting takes place, as, according to present arrangements, the Prince of Wales is to be present, and it goes without saying that the Duke of Cambridge will honour the proceedings with his presence. The Commander-in-Chief is an ardent paddock critic, second only to Major Egerton himself, while Prince Christian would describe the points of a racehorse quite as well as any "Special Commissioner." The Prince of Wales is very fond of watching the saddling, but, if I am not mistaken, his Royal Highness does not rely on his own judgment as to the fitness of any animal. He prefers rather to trust to the opinion of others, and when John Porter is consulted, it is needless to add, the information is generally reliable.

As is well known, Baron de Hirsch's winnings on the Turf are distributed among the numerous London hospitals. Last year La Flèche, Watercress, and other of the Baron's horses won a very large sum; but the institutions referred to have benefited little this season, as La Flèche has yet to win a race, while Watercress has only won two small stakes. It is gratifying, however, to know that the popular Austrian sportsman has signified his intention of making good whatever deficiency there happens to be between last and this year's figures.

There appears to be a growing desire among those racing folk who are prevented from attending the meetings to obtain results without delay, and the two tape machine companies at the present moment have their hands fully engaged laying down instruments. One of the largest commission agents in the West End had his instruments put in at night, and few of his neighbours are aware that all the winners and starting-prices are known there as quickly as in any other part of London.

I am pleased to hear that Sam Loates has been given to understand that his riding permit will be restored to him next season. The trivial mistakes which Loates made brought down about his head a regular hornets' nest, and many predicted that his career as a jockey had closed. Loates, however, never despaired, and that he has the confidence of the owners and trainers is made manifest by the fact that his services are in great request at Newmarket during exercise hours.

The bookmakers are grumbling, and not without just cause, at the amount of bad debts they have to face each year. Laying the odds "over the rails" used to be a profitable business, but now things have changed, and to-day one can see a certain professional who has to confine his operations to very small amounts, because he is owed £40,000 by the swells, and cannot get it. On the other hand, the professional backer goes on his way rejoicing. He wins and expects a prompt settlement every Monday. A case has come under my notice where a bookmaker has been hit by the professional backers for over £15,000. He by a desperate effort scraped together the money and paid twenty shillings in the pound. I have always held that defaulters should be posted every Monday. This would be a real kindness to many of the young bloods, who are not likely to pay the second week if they fail to do so at the end of the first. If the Jockey Club only took cognisance of betting, a ready remedy would be forthcoming, as the defaulters could be announced each week in the official organ of the club, just as the Forfeit List is periodically printed now. Until something of the sort is done reckless gamblers will undertake serious risks, and bookmakers will lose.

"SCARAMOUCHE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Mr. W. P. Dando.



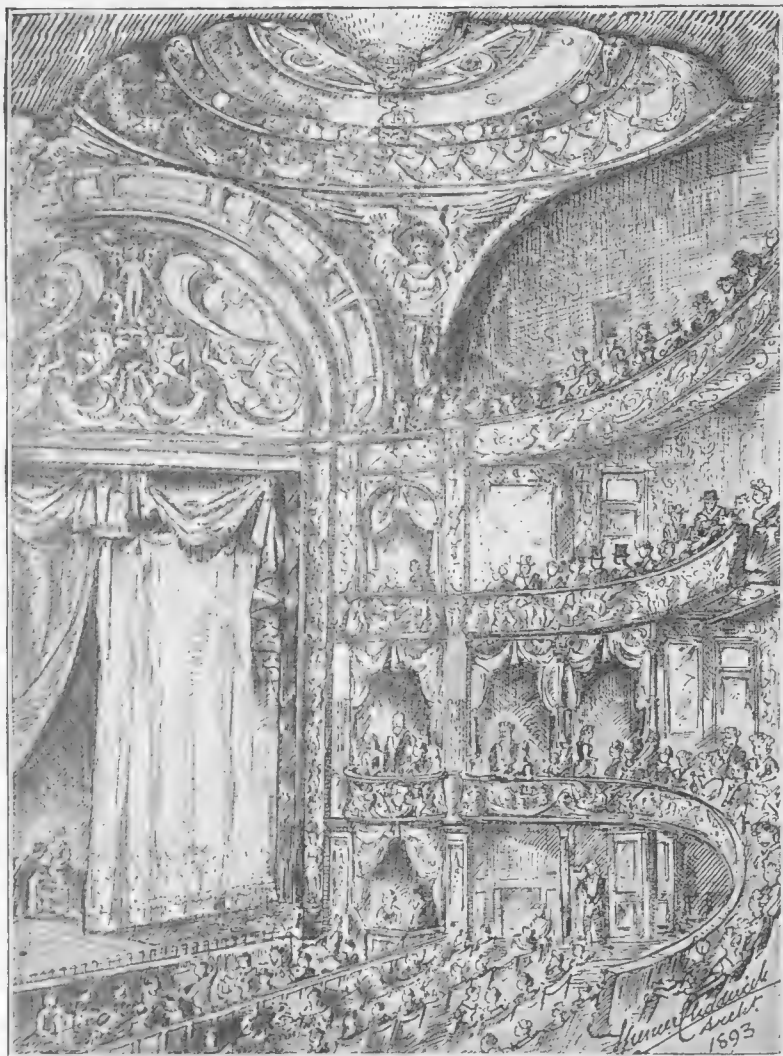
THE WEDDING PARTY DEFYING SCARAMOUCHE.



THE APOTHEOSIS—THE PARADISE OF ITALIAN COMEDY.

SMALL TALK.

The theatres are waking again to life and its troubles, for theirs is not the bed of roses that one might suppose from the number of people who insist on going into managership. Among houses now open is Daly's, which will have a preliminary run in that queer comedy, "Dollars



DALY'S THEATRE.

and Sense," before undertaking the more responsible work of presenting the late Laureate's poem play, "The Foresters." Mr. Daly had the privilege of producing this play in America some months ago, but not until Oct. 3 will the English public have the opportunity of seeing it on the stage.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the author of "The Tempter," to be produced to-night, is one of the most familiar figures in the dramatic world. Country-born, he has still something of the gentleman-farmer in his appearance, especially when he is booted and spurred for the riding exercise in which his soul delights, but there is nothing bucolic in his keen, shrewd face and alert manner. A fluent talker and a most good-natured man, though by no means innocent of a vein of cutting satire on occasions, Mr. Jones is a delightful companion—not merely a smart raconteur teeming with anecdote and reminiscences of well-known people of the stage, but fertile in original ideas upon all sorts of subjects, but, naturally, upon the drama and dramatic literature before all. Mr. Jones is nothing if not original, nothing if not audacious, nothing if not poetical—in the sense of regarding all things human with the eye of a poet, a maker, a perceiver of the beautiful, the fantastic, or the true, even through the rudest, the most unpromising outer shell.

The versatility of his talent has been amply proved, for he has dealt dramatically with saints and sinners, silver kings and sanctimonious deacons, heterodox parsons and monomaniacal misers, dissipated dukes and disreputable dancing girls, grasping middlemen and inventive geniuses, who starve rather than surrender; and now with characteristic courage he has raised the very devil himself. Mr. Jones lives in Alma-Tadema's old house at Regent's Park, and has a charming wife and a troop of children who worship him. He is fortunate enough to have retained a wise simplicity of personal tastes and habits, but is a generous and genial host. He believes in putting his whole soul into his work, and does not permit himself to be hampered by commissions to write plays round actors, and is, therefore, enabled to give actors an opportunity of getting out of themselves and being original; finally, he believes a good deal in the future of the drama and a little in himself, but not more than is justified by a success which has been phenomenal for a man still comparatively young, but which has left him as absolutely unaffected and unspoiled as in the days of his boyhood in pleasant, peaceful Bucks.

The ordinary audience at the Palace Theatre is not a very enthusiastic one, as a rule. Perhaps it is because the house is too big, or too gorgeous; anyhow, I miss that heartiness which is so infectious at some other halls. But Sir Augustus Harris has found an item which thoroughly rouses the house. This is the familiar Italian story of Columbine and Arlequin, which has been transformed into a pantomimic ballet under the name of "Scaramouche," with charming music by MM. André Messager and Georges Street. It was to a very different audience that M. Messager last appealed in this very theatre, when he delighted London with "La Basoche," in the bright but brief days of the Royal English Opera House, yet he has again scored heavily in "Scaramouche."

The story is told in two scenes, the first of which details the struggle of Scaramouche, the rich and wretched lord, Gilles, the silly cit., and Arlequin, the poor but pretty boy, for the hand of Columbine. It is Gilles, favoured by the maiden's father, who is successful, and then Polichinelle, the god of Italian comedy, comes to the aid of Scaramouche, giving him two talismans, a sword and a mask by which to avenge himself. The scene changes to the quaint old inn where the wedding feast is being prepared. Here it is that Scaramouche appears to work his charm. He fails, and is swallowed up by Mother Earth, while in apotheosis one sees in the paradise of Italian comedy Columbine in her husband's arm, giving her hand secretly to Arlequin to kiss.

It all forms a very pretty picture, as you may well understand from the charming photographs of the ballet to be found on the preceding page. The ordinary ballet, to many people, is a somewhat dreary performance, but dreariness is not a fault of "Scaramouche." It is bright throughout, telling its story with great clearness, while the music, especially in the first scene, is very pretty. The ballet and its effects have been described in some quarters as an absolute novelty in London. Is that so? If my memory does not fail me, Mr. Oscar Barrett gave us something of a similar kind at the Crystal Palace some years ago in "The Sculptor's Dream."

Miss May Yohé, the charming American artiste who delighted us all in her rendering of the saucy heroine of "Mam'zelle Nitouche," has, I understand, been over to Paris to interview and to study the celebrated exponent of "La Chahut," for a feature of the new production at the Lyric will be the burlesquing of the sensational dancing of "La Goulue," and Miss Yohé was determined to spare no pains to render such burlesque an accurate one.

Mr. Sims Reeves has followed more than one illustrious precedent in returning to the concert platform after having taken a formal farewell of the public. The enterprising musical agent who is directing the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden offered the veteran tenor a handsome sum to come out of his retirement and sing a couple of ballads for half-a-dozen nights. It was not unnatural that he should succumb to the temptation. Accordingly on Monday, Sept. 11, the name of Sims Reeves figured once more in a programme in conjunction with such well-worn ditties as "Tom Bowling" and "Come into the garden, Maud," and asserted its magic influence in the good old fashion by drawing a very large audience at double prices. That the eminent singer met with a splendid reception may go without saying. He was evidently nervous—little wonder in the case of an artist now well on in his "seventies"—and a trifle hoarse, but for all that he made himself heard in every part of the theatre, and sang with the charm of style and finished phrasing that for half a century have helped to maintain his fame as a vocalist. The occasion, therefore, was interesting, and as an experiment it was so far successful that Mr. Sims Reeves may be deemed quite justified in restoring his name to the active list—the only question being, For how long?

M. Saint-Saëns has arrived in England for the purpose of directing the final rehearsal and three performances of his Biblical opera, "Samson et Dalila." Owing to the nature of the libretto, this fine work, which has only recently attained popularity in France, has never yet been heard on this side of the Channel. Even now it is only to be given here in the form of an oratorio, the performing rights being secured for twelve months by Messrs. Farley Sinkins and Newman, who will be responsible for its introduction at the Promenade Concerts. A capable choir has been for some time in training, and the two principal characters will be interpreted by Madame Elena Sanz (the original representative of Dalila in France) and Mr. Eugène Oudin. The presence of the composer will in a measure be a guarantee for the adequateness of the performance, but it must remain a matter for regret that a work so essentially dramatic in its nature has to be listened to apart from its proper stage surroundings.

Someone has been talking the usual nonsense about intemperance in studios. It puts me on the anecdotal track of the famous *Graphic* Houghton. When he was hard at work, at times he would not have any stimulants in the studio. To make things go along nicely he purchased a key-bugle. For some time the neighbours imagined that the talented artist was going in training for Hanwell. He would stand at his window and force the most peculiar and unearthly sounds from his brazen or copper instrument. What could it all mean? At length, someone more Sherlock Holmesy than his friends observed that on every occasion after the hideous discord took place the aproned servitor of an adjacent tavern made his appearance with a refreshment-decked tray. The secret oozed out. "Ta-ra-ta-ra" on the bugle was the signal for brandy-and-soda, "Ta-ta-ta-ta," &c., for a bottle of Bass.

I have just been having a stroll through the Continental. Lo! and behold, there is the original of "The Daughters of Menestho," a reproduction of which appeared in *The Sketch*. Le Quesne is beginning to be well known in our midst—at least, by his work, for he is no lover of London. Although artistic enough in feeling, his studio on the fifth floor, Rue Vezelay (just off the Boulevard Malesherbes), has none of the eccentric "get up" of that of Jan van Beers. La Quesne, the famous pupil of Gervex, is a well set-up man of thirty-six, about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, fine presence, brunette skin, and most expressive eyes. His last year's picture in the Salon was "La Toile d'Araignée." In 1890 he showed "La Legende du Kerdeek," bought by the French Government, which is even now in negotiation for "The Daughters of Menestho." La Quesne sets a good example to lazy geniuses. He is nearly always at work in his studio as early as eight in the morning.

A. Normann, the painter of "The Sogne Fjord, Norway," a contributor to the Continental for the last eighteen years, is a spare, fair-looking Norwegian of about fifty years or so. As a rule, he winters in Berlin, spending his summer on his estate by the Sogne Fjord. In Marlborough House is one of his best works, "The Royal Yacht Osborne in the Sogne Fjord," purchased by the Prince of Wales. Another of Normann's, "The Sunbeam in the Sogne Fjord," was presented to Mr. Gladstone by Lord Brassey. In December last year three of the Norwegian's best works were taken to Windsor Castle for her Majesty's inspection. She expressed herself as delighted with the work, and sent a letter to the well-known secretary of the Continental Gallery, Mr. Benstead, to that effect.

"Bathing Time, Tréport," is still in the gallery from last season. Aublet is certainly getting known more and more in England. At home? Well, he has plenty of the wherewithal for the loaves and fishes. A typical Frenchman—at least, according to British prejudice—is the famous artist—slight figure, moustache and imperial, vivacity itself. He lives at Neuilly, in a pleasant house, surrounded by park-like gardens, adjoining the grounds of Dame Bouverie.

Of Besnard, the impressionist (see 58: "Morning," pastel), do you know, by-the-way, that he wrote the critique on the Royal Academy in the May number of the *Studio*? Besnard flourishes at 17, Rue Guillaume, Avenue de Villiers; he has a handsome studio in his garden, which is approached by a covered way. Madame Besnard, the sculptress, works side by side with her husband. Besnard is a fine, burly fellow, with black beard and dark eyes. Madame is much of the same type as her husband. The Marchioness of Lorne is a great admirer of the famous pastel impressionist, and has had several of his works for inspection up at Kensington.

Another pastel painter is Mdlle. Carlisle (14, "Judith"). Miss Carlisle is a daughter of Mrs. Carlisle Carr and the sister of Miss Sibyl Carr. Miss Carr is an artistic, fragile-looking young lady. A picture of hers ("A Californian Girl") which her Majesty wished to purchase is now at Chicago.

In the Continental, too, though not, of course, catalogued—oh, wonder of wonders!—is a "Tiger's Head," by the Countess Clancarty, by no means a bad piece of work. Though it may not be generally known, Miss Belle Bilton—Countess Clancarty—was always very smart as an amateur caricaturist.

Queen Anne's Mansions, of unbroken ugliness outside and countless stories within, are once more in that figurative state called liquidation. If they could fly away to some unknown shore it would be a matter for sincere rejoicing, from the æsthetic point of view, for a more unblushing defiance of all the laws of art and beauty was never uttered in brick and mortar than when these mansions were built. The company, which acquired them in 1888, accounts for its financial condition by reason of not being able to let the rooms freely. And no wonder! I always remember my first experience of this unbeauteous pile. A literary man of some prowess lived there, on the thirty-eighth floor I think it was. I had an appointment for twelve o'clock, arrived punctually, and began to go up in various lifts. It seemed as if I were making a ballooning experiment without previous arrangement, when I was suddenly exchanged into another series of "elevators," and began to go down. Before I had time to remonstrate on this quick change of plan, the attendant imps gathered me up, struck another aerial car, and we once more made for the stars. Finally, after losing my way in five or six corridors, I arrived at my man's door to find him gone fifteen minutes, and a message regretting he could not wait any longer. Ever since then I feel angry at Queen Anne's Mansions' mere existence. The craze for flats was never more rampant than at present, partially owing to diminished incomes, and the apparent emancipation from taxes with which they tickle the fancy of the afflicted householder. Queen Anne's Mansions were practically the pioneer flat of London, but that terrible sentence, "Latest improvements," has let them high and dry, while enthusiastic flatterers settle down with it in greater comfort elsewhere.

I had a rather curious encounter the other day with a tree frog. The reptile in question was one of those pretty little green frogs with bright, dark, almost intelligent eyes that one naturally associates with the olive groves of the sunny south, and the spot where I made his acquaintance was the lavatory of a big public office at the West End.

Here he was clinging in a most confiding manner to the white tiles on the walls. How he came there is an absolute mystery which no inquiry has enabled me to fathom. He was in splendid health, and his powers of jumping quite on a par with those of that celebrated frog of whom Mark Twain once told us. I am glad to say he is now quite happy in a suburban greenhouse, and if any of my readers can explain how he arrived in the basement of a house not a hundred yards from Regent Street I shall be glad to learn.

Except for a council, which the Queen will hold at Balmoral early next month, there will be no Court functions of any kind until her Majesty returns to Windsor in November. The Queen has not, as yet, made any of her usual long excursions from Balmoral, but has confined herself to the extensive private drives in the royal demesne and some afternoon visits paid to the Dansiz Shiel, in Ballochbuie Forest. While the Court is at Balmoral the Queen gets a comparative holiday, and although until Parliament rises there will be a considerable amount of business to attend to, and much hurrying to and fro of special messengers, the bulk of the work is of the ordinary routine official description that can in a great measure be transacted by Sir Henry Ponsonby, who remains in Scotland until next week. Sir Henry is a staunch Liberal, and just at the present juncture is of immense assistance to the Queen in smoothing over certain difficulties that have arisen, his influence with Mr. Gladstone being very great. As soon as Sir Henry Ponsonby can be spared to take his annual holiday, Sir Fleetwood Edwards will act as her Majesty's private secretary.

The Duke of Cambridge is going to Scotland on a round of inspections, and will make use of the opportunity to pay a visit to the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle and the Earl of Ancaster at Drummond Castle.

The Duchess of Albany and her children are greatly enjoying their cruise on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. After touching at Portland and Torquay, the yacht put into Dartmouth, and the Duchess and her party went up the Dart as far as Totnes in a steam launch. They next proceeded to Plymouth, where the Victoria and Albert was anchored in the Sound, and the Duchess made an excursion up the Tamar and had afternoon tea at Cothele, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's fine old Tudor mansion, where the Queen and Prince Albert were entertained in 1846. The royal yacht has now gone on to the Scilly Isles, via Falmouth and Penzance, and after a short stay in the Bristol Channel the royal party will finish up their cruise at Holyhead.

The Prince of Wales, having finished his "cure" at Homburg, has returned to England without joining the pleasant family gathering at Fredensborg. Under all the circumstances, it is doubtful whether the Prince would have added to the general hilarity of the party, and it was well known to his more immediate *entourage* that his Royal Highness did not mean to journey to Denmark if the visit could be avoided. The Prince has now gone to Scotland, to visit the Queen at Balmoral and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. While he is in the north, he is also to be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle. The Prince was for many years a constant visitor at Dunrobin, but after the second marriage of the late Duke his Royal Highness declined further intimacy with the chief of the Leveson-Gowers, and the Marlborough House set were also plainly given to understand that any visits paid to Dunrobin would be regarded by the Prince with great disfavour.

With regard to the latest exposition of fraternal feelings between the German Emperor and the Czar, I am bound to remark, notwithstanding a general disbelief in smoking-room, not to mention boudoir, discoveries, that there may be a *soupeçon* of flame in all this conversational smoke. The Kaiser had, with his usual openness and candour, expressed himself on the subject of his intended visit to Fredensborg in the hearing of divers members of his Court. But as the days went on and nothing further was said, they, after the manner of their kind, began to wonder. Now it is currently gossipped that the reason why the projected Imperial visit has not taken place is because the Czar intimated to the King of Denmark that he would be obliged so to curtail his visit to the Castle of Fredensborg as would make the pleasure of meeting William II. impossible if that monarch came north. Thereupon the King felt himself constrained to pass the graceful message on to Berlin, with the result that the Emperor has not gone to Denmark, and the Czar has not been hurried back by unduly pressing State affairs to Russia. As another result, General von Werder, the German Ambassador to St. Petersburg, has left that lively city on "leave of absence." The ways of Princes are, after all, not so unlike our lesser ways. We can all get angry, and we can all show our teeth. Human nature's first law—or one of them—is the childish tit-for-tat. And so we go on, kings and people, being childish.

The fondness of the German Empress for gaily coloured garments is proverbial, and the combination of "creations" in which her Majesty appeared when reviewing the nine regiments of the 8th Army Corps with the Emperor last week savoured more of a mediæval pageant than a prosaic nineteenth century review. The Empress was on horseback as well as the Emperor, and entered the field where the manœuvres were to take place near to where her own regiment was drawn up to receive her—the Königin Augusta Grenadier Guards. A long light-grey

military cloak covered all the finery of the infantry general's uniform worn by his Majesty, but the Empress, riding at his side, was dressed in a light-coloured silk gown, wearing over one shoulder a broad yellow sash of *moiré antique*, while from her wide-brimmed white sombrero-shaped hat a bunch of snow-coloured ostrich feathers waved in the breeze. An English lady who was present, while being profoundly impressed with the picturesque effect her Majesty's attire presented, writes me to say that she could not at the same time help wondering how such a costume *à cheval* would be thought of in tailor-made England. With the Emperor and Empress, besides their staff, were the two other royalties, Prince Albrecht of Prussia and the sedate heir to the Italian throne, who remained, my friend tells me, in close conversation with the Empress Augusta all day.

Appropos of that recent significant utterance of William II., "Germans you are," &c., which is likely to remain remembered, if, indeed, it does not become historical, it appears that this thoroughgoing young monarch, with the idea of setting an example to his nobles, no doubt, lately desired to purchase a castle in the "conquered provinces." Casting his eyes over the fertile Reichsland, the noble Schloss of Urville, situated outside Courcelles (the scene of a celebrated battle), seemed suitably environed as a summer palace for the King of all the Germans. One obstacle only existed, and that was the castle belonged to somebody else, a certain wealthy manufacturer of Lorraine, one M. Sendret. This consideration, however, would not stand in the monarch's way, and so one fine morning M. Sendret received a polite but official intimation that his château was wanted for the Imperial purpose, and, accordingly, the property changed hands between subject and sovereign, M. Sendret receiving a very pretty price in recognition of his amiability.

There is a delicious flavour of the Middle Ages about this story which should recommend the incident to those in want of a ground plot for an historical novel. The Château d'Urville, or Schloss, as it should now be called, is in the Renaissance style; two stories with a terrace; towers at the four corners; weathercocks galore; sundials and strutting peacocks in the garden, while from a tall campanile a great clock makes musical record of the flying hours. Whatever their secretly patriotic feelings—if they have them—the tradespeople are openly rejoicing round about Urville, for the Emperor has thoughtfully ordered that all provisions required for the castle shall be purchased in the neighbourhood during his stay; and as the suite numbers upwards of three hundred, not including the two hundred and fifty servants, purveyors for the royal table, it may be taken, are having an excellent time, and will, no doubt, wish that this first visit of the Emperor to his "loyal Alsace-Lorraine" may be often repeated.

No small surprise has been caused in German Court and political circles by the retirement to a cloister for the rest of his life of Prince Max of Saxony, a youth only just of age. The Prince, who is the third son of Prince George, the heir to the throne, was a lieutenant in the Emperor William, King of Prussia's Regiment of Grenadiers, and was quartered at Ischatz, the monastery of which he has entered. He is described as a talented and promising youth, who only last year took his degree as a doctor of philosophy with the highest honours. The German Press is agitated over the event, his Royal Highness's action being ascribed to the influence of the Bishop of Dresden.

The Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway has hit upon a pretty idea in receiving royal guests at her rural residence, Tullgarn—namely, to dress a number of girls in picturesque peasant costumes from Vingaker. The effect is very charming, and the *tout ensemble* greatly delighted the German Emperor and Empress when recently visiting the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The Grand Duke Michael Nicolaiewitch, an uncle of the Czar, has just been on a visit to Tullgarn with his son George. Prince Eugene of Sweden and Norway is the only prince who can boast of having obtained an award at the Chicago Fair, a medal having been conferred on his Royal Highness for his paintings.

Dr. Howard van Buren, who has just died at Worthing, after a six-weeks' struggle with that horrible complaint, typhoid fever, adds another to the long list of medical men whose gallantry is as deserving of praise as ever was soldiers' at the cannon's mouth. Dr. Van Buren was but four-and-thirty, and had practised but a few short years in the little southern watering-place, but his skill, his experience, his genial temper, and last, but not least, the enthusiasm with which he applied himself to his profession had won for him many friends. His devotion to the poor during the late epidemic, more especially to the children—a devotion which has cost him his life—will long be remembered by his fellow-townfolk, and the esteem and affection in which his memory will be held may, perchance, be a solace to those to whom he was most dear.

With regard to my last week's remarks about Worthing, the London manager of the *Melbourne Argus* writes me that it was not that excellent journal but the Cable Company that was responsible for the gruesome story respecting the typhoid epidemic. "A telegraph message which very plainly stated that some of the dead had been 'buried' at midnight was," he says, "made by the cable operator to say had been 'burned' at midnight. To this gentleman must, therefore, be placed the credit of once more 'making fun of the Melbourne editor.'"

Professor Burdon-Sanderson had a congenial subject to discuss in biology, to the history and operations of which he treated the British Association, over which he presides, at Nottingham, on Wednesday evening. It was a somewhat abstruse production altogether, for the lay mind gets lost in an oration where terms like phylogenesis, chemiotaxis, chorology, or œcology are to be found as thick as pebbles. Professor Burdon-Sanderson is hardly a popular scientist; he is far too well-versed in his subject for that. Born in Newcastle-on-Tyne sixty-five years ago, he began his professional career as medical officer of health in Paddington. He was soon afterwards appointed physician to several of the London



Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.

PROFESSOR BURDON-SANDERSON, F.R.S.

hospitals, and was Jodrell Professor of Physiology in University College, until, in 1882, he was elected Waynflete Professor of Physiology at Oxford. On several Royal Commissions, notably that on the cattle plague, he has rendered valuable service.

The hitch in the completion of the sale of the Savernake estates has caused Lord Iveagh much annoyance, and, probably, Mr. "Sam" Lewis a great deal more. It was considered that everything was finally settled, when Dollie, Lady Ailesbury, saw fit to put in her claim. Lord Iveagh had made arrangements to expend upwards of £200,000 in improving the house, grounds, and estate generally, so that his advent was anxiously awaited in the county. He is so angry at the unexpected turn affairs have taken that it is now very doubtful whether he will, under any circumstances, complete the purchase.

The Royal Horticultural Society flourished expansively in the matter of roses and dahlias at their show in the Westminster Drill Hall on the 12th. Enormous blobs of "brilliant" colour in the pompon variety of the former were greatly admired, and the new type, called "single cactus," introduced by some Cheshunt growers, is a vast improvement on the ordinary single dahlia of commerce. Sir Trevor Lawrence made a great point with his orchids, which numbered many beautiful as well as rare specimens. I have not seen anything more perfect in form or colour than some blooms of violas which were also shown, and deservedly awarded a silver medal. They hailed from Rothsay, by-the-way. The Bishop of Bath has a fondness for apple-growing, and no doubt it was a satisfaction to him that his most eatable-looking Nonsuch growths were distinguished with a bronze medal. There was not a large attendance. Some few belated M.P.'s straggled in, as if they had not the energy to leave town, and some brightly dressed ladies, like the "last rose" of immortal melody, made a pretty presence. Otherwise, those devoted to the production of potatoes and such peaceful arts were principally present.

A very exciting lawn-tennis match has just been concluded in Newport between Mrs. Astor, the American millionaire's wife, and a Miss Tailor, one of the crack tennis-players of the New Country. The tennis tournament is always an "occasion of intensity" at fashionable Newport, and the ladies' finals this year were of superlative interest, because of the handsome jewels which would fall a prize to the lucky winner. So a gathering of those ultra-aristocrats who form the social cream of a democratic system foregathered at fashionable Newport to see the game. Miss Tailor made quite phenomenal play, and had evidently settled in her mind to win the game, for she frequently questioned the judge's decision, and even that of the umpire. Mrs. Astor's would have decidedly been the popular victory, and her plucky play received enthusiastic encouragement from her many friends, who freely made bets on her victory—some ladies, in their excitement, I hear, betting, not their boots, but their bangles, which were nearer to their hearts in both senses. Finally, after some very tough, if pretty, play, Mrs. Astor was beaten, when, immediately running forward with infinite tact and grace, she warmly shook her opponent's hand, their large audience, meanwhile, enthusiastically cheering both of the ladies to the echo.

Not many young men in London, if known to be the possessors of abnormal fortunes, could walk from one end of Piccadilly to the other without being recognised by some acquaintance or companion. Yet in New York they actually possess the phenomenon. I can only describe "as sich" a young man possessed of the comfortable round sum of thirty-five million dollars, who might spend the afternoon on his Broadway without being recognised as George Vanderbilt by half-a-dozen compatriots. Two all-sufficing reasons will explain a state of things which may well be counted unusual. Mr. Vanderbilt does not much love men—still less, it is said, women—and has, on the other hand, an insatiable affection for books. So up to now the young millionaire has gone his quiet way, happy in the possession of a few friends—who are, like himself, less of the butterfly order than intellectual ambitions—his books—and, above all, his mother to whom he is devoted. There comes a day, however, when even the man of steel, bronze, or even platinum, goes down before the rosy charms of lovely woman, and so a rumour reaches me that the "unapproachable George" is at last coming to the end of his bachelor tether. Subdued lamentations are exchanged among his men friends, who, like the New York mammas—only from a different standpoint—devoutly hope that it is only another "report." One thing is certain, that the lucky damsel who marries George Vanderbilt will get a man with something more in his head than money.

At a swimming festival held on the south coast the other afternoon I was delighted at the number of young fellows between the ages of fifteen and twenty who, in the words of the old song, "swam and dived with astonishing skill and dexterity." Nor was the show confined to the members of the sterner sex. The girls gave an admirable display of swimming, and seemed perfectly at home in the water. The art is certainly one that should be popularised wherever possible. By-the-way, I saw Mr. Easton on this occasion, a well-known Sussex swimmer, who is presently to essay the feat of swimming from Newhaven to Brighton in one day, and from Brighton to Worthing on the next. I should not be surprised to see Mr. Easton successfully cross the Channel on some future occasion, for he is a remarkably powerful swimmer, and looks like an admirable stayer.

I hear the fly-fishing season which is just over has been by no means a good one. The long drought has played fishermen an ill turn, and bright sunshine and shallow streams have made trout more than usually wary. Even the preserved portions of the Wandle—the finest trout-fishing near London—has, I am told, suffered severely. The Wandle was a favourite fishing resort of that admirable actor, Phelps, who was as skilful a fly-fisherman as one might meet on a long summer's day. Phelps thoroughly understood the ways of the Wandle trout, and once told a friend of mine who was extolling sea-fishing that if *that* was all he knew of the gentle art he was no worthy disciple of the father of English fishermen. "A trout," said Phelps, "wants more humouring than a woman; try him at mid-day with a ten o'clock fly, and he just puts his tail to his nose like this" (imitating that monk of "Ingoldsby Legends" fame who "put his thumb unto his nose, and turned his fingers out"), "and away he goes, to have his dinner at some other eating-house." But even Phelps's skill and knowledge would have availed but little in a foot of clear water and a brilliant sun.

The busiest boating season for many years is practically at an end: Commencing in the second week in March—owing to the exceptionally fine weather—it has continued with almost unabated vigour up to the present time. It may seem strange, but several boat-builders complain of having lost regular customers owing to the craze for golf, and they state that this game has bitten quite a number of Upper Thames frequenters. On Sunday, Sept. 3, fifty-three launches passed through Boulter's Lock, but on the following Sunday there was a very appreciable falling off, partly, perhaps, owing to the strong wind blowing, which made rowing a little trying; otherwise the day was perfect. There is no doubt that those who have prolonged their stay on the Thames until the present time are the gainers in more ways than one. Could anything be more lovely than the variegated tints on the leaves in the early autumn? Besides, how invigorating is the early morning dip, and with what an appetite one comes home to breakfast! Sir Douglas and Lady Straight have been

spending the summer at Maidenhead, and it is very evident they intend to be faithful to the river, as Sir Douglas has just purchased the smart little launch, the *Cynthia*. It is to be hoped that before the next boating season comes round the new owner of Cliveden will see his way to rescind the order as to landing on a portion of his grounds. All those who know this, perhaps the prettiest, stretch of the river, with the beautiful woods of Cliveden and Taplow Court running to the water's edge, are naturally hurt that Mr. Astor does not feel inclined to extend to them the same privileges as did the Duke of Westminster. As a matter of fact, those who lounged on the narrow strip of land at the base of the wood and partook of tea on a Sunday afternoon were eminently respectable, and I have never seen an act of rowdyism or anything bordering upon it, though for several seasons past I have been a very frequent visitor at the little cottage where such excellent tea was to be procured. Mr. Astor deserves the gratitude of river frequenters for having bought up all the available land between Maidenhead and Cookham, thus putting a stop to the building of bungalows on the river's side.

The yachting world has had its attention divided during the week between the race for the Brenton Reef Cup and the voyage of Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* across the Atlantic to engage in the race for the America Cup. The first-mentioned event, for which the Prince of Wales's pretty yacht the *Britannia* and the American yacht *Navahoe* entered, was remarkable for two things. Not only was it one of the



THE BRITANNIA.

Photo by Adamson, Rothsay.

closest races on record, but the distance—from the Needles to Cherbourg and back—was covered in far shorter time than ever it was before. The competing yachts left the Needles at twelve o'clock in the forenoon of Tuesday week. A stiff easterly breeze was blowing at the time, and there was a good sea in the Channel. The race was practically a neck-to-neck affair both ways. Cherbourg was reached a few minutes past five, the American yacht leading by thirty seconds. The return journey was done in a rough sea, but both vessels kept their neck-to-neck appearance all the way back, so much so, in fact, that some doubt existed as to which had won. The Needles were reached a little after ten on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning both vessels ran up winning flags, but it was decided that the *Britannia* had won by 2½ sec. But the owner of the *Navahoe* was not satisfied. He lodged a protest that the position of the mark boat had been altered during the night, putting his vessel at an unfair angle at the finish, and the appeal has been upheld by the committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron. A good deal of anxiety has been felt for the *Valkyrie*, which left Cowes for New York on the 23rd ult., but it is said to be quite needless.

What becomes of the Law Courts' pigeons in the Long Vacation? During sittings they are constantly fed by the Lord Chief Justice. Fancy a judge in full robes doing this fifty years ago! Yet Lord Coleridge keeps to old-world fashions in some things—to wit, he drives a yellow brougham. By-the-way, the pigeons have lost a good friend in Justice Denman, who fed them from his window every day when he was on duty. *Tempora, &c.* I remember hearing it spoken of as a shocking bit of levity on the part of Lord Brougham that he wore shepherd's plaid trousers in court. And nowadays judges smoke briar-roots, keep bulldogs, and ride on the top of 'buses!

"A CIGAR" WITH MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Without "A Pair of Spectacles" (writes a *Sketch* representative), one can see on entering the grounds of Winter Lodge—so named, perhaps, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because its owner has never known a "frost"—that the carefully trimmed "drop curtain" of beech-trees in front, preventing passers-by from looking "Over the Garden Wall," and the carefully swept asphalt walk are reflective as "A Glass of Fashion" of the neatness of epigram and smart precision of expression which characterise Mr. Sydney Grundy's dramatic work and *ex cathedra* remarks



Photo by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East, S.W.
MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

on play-writing, warranting no connection, however, with the Church and Stage Guild, although he is intimately acquainted with "The Vicar of Bray" and with a certain "Village Priest" who has renounced "Mammon," and is as pure as a "Snowball" of the wickedness of even "A White Lie."

After "agitating the communicator," which, if not so sweet in sound as "The Bells of Haslemere," yet answered its purpose, I stepped—never mind the exact date, somewhere between "May and December"—into a luxuriously furnished hall, and as Mr. Grundy was "at home" I felt in no sense whatever in "A Fool's Paradise." It chanced that Mr. Grundy had been for "A Little Change," and he was in the best of humours. He at once put me into the depths of such a delightfully easy chair that I felt that I should not be able to rise till "After Long Years," especially under the influence of a first-rate cigar and *un verre d'eau*, which he had considerably qualified. Indeed, a "Queen's Favourite" was not happier than I. There's a real charm in being entertained—and in being entertaining, for that matter—as the lady experienced in "The Arabian Nights"—I am referring to the 1001, limited, not to the gutta-percha ones. What I object to in life are its crosses, which are more numerous than cover "The Union Jack."

Mr. Grundy astonished me, to start with, by remarking that he was credited with being a cantankerous, disagreeable curmudgeon. Well, if he be, it may not be his fault, seeing that he was born in the year when things were so very unpleasant in France as to give us the company of Louis Philippe, turned 20,000 Londoners into Chartists, and upset the patriotic soul of Smith O'Brien. I was impressed, rather, with his extreme desire to hurt no one's feelings, or to give any occasion for offence in his remarks.

After expressing a hope that his new comedy, "Sowing the Wind," would prove a success, and that better luck would attend managerial enterprise this year, he remarked—

"Yes, the theatres have been through a course of bad times. It was the influenza that first started them. People feared to assemble together, and then the mourning for the Duke of Clarence, for the absence of royalty does incalculable harm to the theatres, and, moreover, you must remember that the increase in the number of theatres assists in distributing the audiences."

"And you don't think the plays themselves have been to blame?"

"From an artistic point of view the question is far too wide to answer, but financially, of course, a bad play is one that does not pay. And it is very curious how capricious the public is, for I know a play

that has been drawing between two and three hundred a night here in London, yet was played to only a few shillings in the country. Nor must you be deceived by the length of a run. Pieces are often played long after they cease to pay. A three months' run is sometimes more successful than one that extends to a year. Remember, too, that the size of a theatre and the expenses of mounting a piece are important factors in the balance-sheet."

"Do you think the music-halls have tended to empty the theatres?"

"No, I don't. The halls have made a phenomenal success, it is true, but I don't think they have worked harm to the theatre. It's quite a different public—indeed, a new class altogether—which is filling the music-halls, formed of that portion of the population which is being gradually educated up to take pleasure in fairly rational amusements. This section of the public first visits the halls, presently it will rise to the theatres."

"Now I should like your opinion on the dramatic taste of the public."

"Well, I can't say much in its favour; it is a hopeful sign, however, that Mr. Pinero's artistic work in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' has been so thoroughly appreciated. Generally speaking, I think there is a strong tendency to revert to old forms, and it says much for the astuteness—which I commend—of those authors who can most successfully gauge the popular taste which has revelled in the farcical episodes in 'Charley's Aunt,' Oscar Wilde's paradoxes, Mr. Barrie's Robertsonian touches, and the clever interlude in the revived 'Diplomacy.' After all, it is the first duty of the practical playwright to please the public if he can; for, although criticism looks on playwrighting as an art, practice regards it more veritably as a trade."

"Now, will you think me too inquisitive if I ask you from what source you get your ideas, Mr. Grundy?"

"Well, I must say that is coming rather near home," he replied laughingly, as he re-loaded his pipe. "However, I may say that the playwright is sometimes, to a certain extent, under the influence of his employer. For instance, the actor-manager wants a 'villain piece,' or he has been playing an old man so long that he wants a change of character for himself in the new play. Unfortunately, these special commissions sometimes lead to disappointment. Perhaps you have already written a leading member of the company up in miniature, and now have drawn him full-length, after studying his every mannerism, and have even written to suit his peculiar inflection of voice, and then circumstances, over which neither you nor he has control, put the interpretation of your work into quite different hands."

"And do you take long to digest a leading idea which is to form the play?"

"Yes, on occasions it takes me some time to get interested, but directly I do the plot unravels itself straight away, and then I write without reference to notes more rapidly than most authors, I should say."

"Do you like working in collaboration?"

"Fairly well; I am sure my latest experience with Sir Arthur Sullivan could not have been pleasanter. Abstractly, however, I am inclined to think that one is too apt to write to please one's colleague, losing sight of the fact that it's the public, after all, which you have to please. One fact is quite certain, that collaboration is like matrimony and travelling; you get to know your companion under those circumstances better in six months than you would otherwise in a lifetime."

"And now, Mr. Grundy, cannot you give me a little special information with regard to 'Sowing the Wind'?"

"Yes; I will tell you something which is curious, because it is true. No sooner had I discussed my rough idea with Mr. Carr than he suggested Mr. Brandon Thomas for a particular part. 'Brandon Thomas? Brandon Thomas?' I said to myself; 'why does the idea of Brandon Thomas in this part seem so familiar?' Suddenly I remembered 'Sweet Lavender,' and it flashed upon my mind for the first time that with considerable travail I had evolved very much the same plot as Mr. Pinero."

"A case of unconscious cerebration?"

"No; I should be proud to adopt almost any artistic idea from Mr. Pinero, and I am happy to believe that he would not be seriously offended; but, as a matter of fact, the point of similarity is taken on my part from a sort of sermon which I published many years ago in the form of a novel."

"May I ask its name?"

"That is a secret between me and the butterman, though my story was received with such a consensus of critical indignation that I can't help thinking there must have been something in it."

At this moment Mr. Grundy glanced at the clock and exclaimed, "Good gracious! I'm due at the Garrick Club in twenty minutes, and one of the few virtues I pride myself on is punctuality."

A BELLAMY COLONY.

The Bellamyites, or believers in the "Looking Backward" philosophy, have organised a large colony in Southern Kansas, and propose to establish a Bellamy community in the Cherokee Strip. Everything in the town is to be run on the co-operative idea, and a baker's dozen of apartment houses, all ready to put up by sections, are now stored on the frontier, waiting for the opening on Saturday. Doubtless the thirteenth of this baker's dozen is to be occupied by the bakers, but, however that may be, the great co-operative kitchen and pantry will at least give a fair test of the interesting experiment at which a stagger has been made at various times elsewhere. It is thought the Bellamy theory is expressed in this couplet—

You sell me pie, I sell you cheese,
Both of us eat what we—please.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE SEQUEL TO "KIDNAPPED."*

"It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the exquisitely chosen words of his preface to this book, but, by the judgment of many who know their "Kidnapped," precisely those people who have waited for this sequel will relish it with the best appetite. Some years ago—I mind not if it be seven, it cannot be less—we left David Balfour anchored in the British Linen Company's office in Edinburgh, and if he has, to use the author's words, so long delayed his reappearance that he runs risk to be greeted with hoots, it is not for any lack of desire on our part to fall in with him again. Indeed, so many months have sped, and the work now before us has so long been looked for with expectation, even with impatience, that the summary of David's adventures as set forth in "Kidnapped" is not unnecessary even to those who have previously met him, as it is indispensable to those who take up the sequel and lack its forerunner. We need to be reminded that he was the son of Alexander Balfour, whose younger brother, Ebenezer, foregoing the lady whom Alexander loved, took the estate of Shaws in lieu of her; that David, who should have been a man of landed estate on his father's death, and was a good Whig, got naught but a few baubles and a Bible to begin life with; that he was recommended to his uncle Ebenezer, who feared him, since David had by inheritance the estate of Shaws, and Ebenezer was in possession of it; that the uncle fell to low means, and caused his nephew to be trepanned on board the brig *Covenant*, having it in his mind to sell him for labour in the plantations. We need, above all, to recall that scene where the brig, running through the Minch, dipped her bobstay under, to bring from the sea and the wreck of the small boat that "bonnie fighter," Alan Breck Stewart, the Highland gentleman of '45, come down to the engaging pastime of smuggling rents from his clansmen to their chief, Ardshiel, then in exile in France. The subsequent fight upon the brig, the wreck of the ship off the coast of Mull, and the journey of Alan and David to the house of Alan's kinsman, James of the Glens, form threads indispensable to the understanding of "Catriona." David, separated for a time from Alan, was in Appin when the King's factor, Colin Roy Campbell, came with the redecoats to expel the tenants from the forfeited estates of Ardshiel, and witnessed the murder of Glenure on the roadside. Suspected of complicity in the crime, the lad of Shaws took to his heels, was pursued by the soldiery, fell in with Alan, who was upon the spot, and finally made his escape.

After weary days in the heather, in Cluny Macpherson's cave, and in the house of Duncan Dhu Maclaren, he came with his Jacobite friend to Edinburgh, and there made such reckoning with his uncle that he got a part of his estate, and set to work to clothe himself finely, and upon the more hazardous employment of getting Alan Breck from the country.

It is at this moment that the story of "Catriona" opens. David comes forth from the British Linen Company's office, a porter attending him, his canny head full of pragmatistical notions, his fine-cut conscience ablaze with the expectation of seeing the Lord Advocate and of clearing both Alan and Alan's brother, James of the Glens, who had been arrested for the murder of Glenure. But at the very beginning of it we learn that there is a new element, "fine by defect, and delicately weak," which shall lift this story in human interest above many of Mr. Stevenson's books affecting mere adventure. The element is a girl, passing David in a crowd as he takes shelter under a pend in a narrow street of the capital.

"She was dressed like a lady, and had a screen of the Drummond colours on her head; but her comrades or (I should say) followers were ragged gillies, such as I had seen the match of by the dozen in my Highland journey. . . . It chanced that the girl turned suddenly about, so that I saw her face for the first time. There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind and stays there, and he could never tell you why—it just seems it was the thing he wanted. She had wonderful bright eyes, like stars—and I daresay the eyes had a part in it—but what I remember the most clearly was

the way her lips were a trifle open as she turned. And, whatever was the cause, I stood there staring like a fool."

The girl was Catriona, the daughter of James More Drummond, himself the son of Red Robert, as audacious a lying impostor and swashbuckler as ever disgraced a clan. A pretty figure this girl—no maiden taken straight from comic opera, but all in all feminine, with a womanly tenderness for and belief in the oily scamp More, and some pretty childish conceits which are clever in their very childishness. One sight of her was enough for David; the steel of her magnetism entered his heart; he even made, as he tells us, "extraordinary free upon short acquaintance," so that the porter with him has humour of it.

"I thought ye had been a lad of some kind o' sense," he began, shooting out his lip. "Ye're no likely to gang fur this gate—cleikin up with baubee-joes!"

"If you dare to speak of the young lady——" I began.

"Liddy!" he cried. "Haud us and safe us, whatten leddy! Ca' thon a leddy? The town's fu' o' them. Leddies! Man, it's very weel seen ye're no very acquaint in Embro'."

But David had other matters, and more pressing. Having arranged

for the plans of Alan Breck—then lying down by the waters, waiting ship for France—he has this bee in his bonnet about James of the Glens, and must go to Lord Advocate Prestongrange to tell the story of the murder, unmindful of the fact that a price is on his own person, and that, all the Campbells meaning James to hang, not even the devil's advocate could save his body from the gibbet. But to Prestongrange he goes—a sound portrait of a King's man, this—a man just touched with broad lines of honour, but racked horribly by fear of the Campbells and of the plain truth—and, making a friend of the Advocate, David gets an offer. Let him keep away from the trial of James, and King George, who is the soul of truth, will reward him with "wine, women," and other payment. The stiff-headed Scotch lad, reared on platitudes and penury, has none of the treachery, and is kidnapped again to the great Bass, on whose side the sheep feed as on the slanting roof of a cathedral. But not before he has met Allan, lurking in the wood by Silversmalls, and, after many perils, they have come together to the Gillane sands, and wait upon the beach the ship's boat that is to carry the Jacobite to security. A critical moment, and an intensely exciting chapter. Behind the sandhills lurk the Advocate's men; David and Allen, crouching upon the beach dare not rise to signal the ship awaiting them; they can only "creep unperceived to the front of the sandhills," and come to a deadlock. It is life or death—a race between the long

boat, come to pick Alan up, and the gillies who run to cut him down.

From this time the action is quick, if some of the chapters are dull. Alan gets to Holland; David comes to the trial too late to save James of the Glens, and returns south to pursue Catriona in his somewhat countrified ways. By a pretty device of a pretty spinster, he makes headway, and is given rare opportunity on board the ship which conveys the girl and himself to Holland. Here, indeed, the whole charm of the work is first impressed upon us. James More was to have met his daughter at Helvoetsluis. He does not come, and she would be left alone in a strange country did not David jump to the occasion. He makes a prodigious leap from the ship to the boat which comes to fetch Catriona, and then bids her to follow him.

"Up she stood on the bulwarks, and held by a stay, the wind blowing in her petticoats, which made the enterprise more dangerous, and gave us rather more of a view of her stockings than would be thought genteel in cities. . . . I was so happy as to catch her, and the fishers readily supporting us, escaped a fall. She held to me a moment very tight, breathing quick and deep, thence (she still clinging to me with both hands) we were passed aft to our places by the steersman."

So does the really picturesque in this boy and girl romance begin; its end must be gotten from the book. I can but point to the fine scenes in Rotterdam and Leyden as the glowing colours in a somewhat sombre canvas. Yet here the follies and the petty sillinesses of the childish lovers, their fine bearing in a situation fraught with peril to the pair of them, the masterly sketches of the impetuous More, and the deep feeling which clothes the writing, cannot fail to stamp "Catriona" as among the masterpieces of Mr. Stevenson.

M. P.



Photo by J. Notman, Boston, U.S.A.

MR. STEVENSON.

* "Catriona" (being memoirs of the further adventures of David Balfour at home and abroad). By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell and Co.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



It was the time when at the Aerated Bread shop, close by Vere Street, there was generally a good half-hour with nothing to do. It was the one respite. The latest lunchers had finished their pressed beef, their "milk-and-sodas," their little beef-pies. These things and the sliced tongue had more or less vanished from table and counter, and the first tea-drinking had as yet hardly begun. It was half-past three, probably. There was space and time for chats and confidences. The young woman in the mahogany tank, who kept the accounts, Miss Katherine Salting—the tall, white, stately daughter of a man who until three years ago had been a watchmaker at Brixton—had taken some fancy to a rosy and refined young thing, rather above the type of the average young lady waitress. She had come lately. And this girl, who was Miss Salting's junior by two years at the least, looked up to and admired Katherine without any reservation. Katherine, whose estimate of people—based, perhaps, upon considerable experience—was quickly formed, had made up her mind about Edith with her usual decisiveness. She trusted her completely. The two sat close together on the velvet seat, under the words "Tea freshly made for each customer," and to the right hand of the mantelpiece, just by the locked money-box for the Dépôt Providence Fund.

"Yes," began Katherine, in a voice as low as a whisper, but not at all as disturbing—rather quietly musical, indeed—"it seems I have lost everybody. There was Dad first; then Mother; then, two months ago, my friend."

The other raised her eyes inquiringly, but dropped them, as withdrawing her claim to be told. She would receive only that which was vouchsafed freely. But it was Katherine's intention to tell her the whole.

"He had his chambers in the Temple—in Fountain Court. You were never in the Temple? Some name, not his, was written up on the door. He was not a barrister himself, but quite as much of a gentleman. What was he? He was correspondent of a big London newspaper, had been out to wars, and coronations, and manœuvres, and wrote about them, and it was very much talked of, and it always seemed to me, from his ways and what he said, he knew more of people in Vienna and Paris—and America, I believe—than ever he did in London. At home he lived rather lonely and quiet; was never really very strong, though you wouldn't have thought so, to see him. Not many people came to his chambers—his own people never—and, of course, I didn't know them. I never met them, except his brother, and he is a swell doctor, a young man, near this very street. Him I saw. Yes, I had to see him. He did me a good turn when I needed it. You shall hear later. . . . You mustn't think there was anything wrong between us. He was not exactly my lover. And I was never engaged to him, you understand, though I don't know what it might have come to if—if— It never did, however. And it was all *strictly private*. He was my friend—just that: I used to call him 'my friend.' . . . You know whom I live with?" she continued, after a minute's pause, "with an uncle at Kennington, since mother died. It's not the same as home, is it?"

The other made a gesture of assent, not founded on experience. "Probably not," the gesture said.

"No, you don't feel you have the same business in that house, my dear. However, there I am. They behave well enough to me—but Mother was a dear soul! After Father died, you know—you remember I told you, the night before last, about Dad*—Mother engaged a workman, so that the shop might still be kept going, and he didn't do so badly for her, but in six months, about, she was taken ill herself. I always thought Dad's death had something to do with it, for she was a very feeling woman, and they had scarcely ever had any words. Anyhow, Mother got ill. The A. B. C. gave me leave of absence. For thirteen



The two sat
close
together.

weeks I nursed her. I was a chit before that—like you, though tall and big. But still a chit. I wasn't such a chit after those weeks—seeing her suffer so. That made a woman of me."

* For the more personal history of Mr. Joseph Salting; see "The Fitting Obsequies," in *The Sketch* of March 29.

"Did he know you at home—your friend?" asked Edith, stopping the click of her knitting-needles.

"I didn't know him myself till Mother was dead. And, of course, I had my own acquaintances before and since. It isn't the cousins that come to your house and look you up at Christmas and at Whitsuntide—



"We had such walks."

is it?—that take you to the theatre or the halls, either, or to dances, or Hastings on a Sunday? Trust them for that! My cousins have their own friends they take about with them. Everyone goes out, you bet. Well, I was telling you about him. Not his name, however; that's the one secret, though I do like you; but tortures of the Inquisition couldn't drag it from me. But anything else! I was in his rooms the second night I ever saw him. Mad of me, wasn't it? Even you would know it. But no, it wasn't. I knew directly I looked at him that he was a gentleman. He showed me his books; he took me to the theatre; he told me about himself, his work, his people—everything. One day I'll bring his photograph to show you. He was not a young man—forty, or thereabouts. He used to tell me everything he had seen and read. Then, at night, between the Temple and Kennington, we had such walks! I used to call in upon him on the way home, you know. We took such rounds: one night over one bridge, one night over another; now strolling, now in hansoms; then, best of all, on the top of the omnibus. He made me see London."

"You were always in London, weren't you?"

"It was he who made me see it. You never saw it. I never saw it till he showed me. The little cafés, the newspaper offices, the different neighbourhoods—nothing escaped him. Most of all he loved the river. We used to stand on Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, Westminster, according as the fit took us, looking at the sky, and the swelling water, with the lamps reflected, and the great shadows, and the barges, low and slow, trailing along, or not moving at all, and the dark warehouses and slaty sky, and all the pale gold lights, and one rose-coloured lamp flitting away—I see it now—on some tiny boat on the black water. I talk of it in his words. I feel I do. The halls and the theatres I've been to since! Cooped up all day, you expect—dances too. But I tell you I never knew what London was till I saw it with my friend. The mere streets! I'm not speaking of anything besides, though, of course, there were the theatres. Since he died—I told you he was dead—I don't seem to have enjoyed even those places quite as much as I did with my friend—the decorations, the actors, the happiness of being there, crunched up together in the 'circle,' and the music-hall with its gilding and velvet, and what he used to call, describing it, its skirts and seltzers and smoke-dried air. Minnie Cunningham, now! . . . Sometimes, when I couldn't see him, he used to write letters to me. I wrote to him in return. And, of course, he had my photograph. And—I'm not exactly a

duffer at art needlework, you know—I made him an embroidered letter-rack, with an heraldic lion—you understand the heraldic lion? He had it near the chimneypiece; my letters in it—in their envelopes. Near it there was my photograph, in evening dress, low at the neck, with a black velvet bodice, and I with long, bare arms. Yes, I was never banished, in one sense, from that study of his; I was in possession, as they call it. It lasted three months. He must have liked me, I think, to see so much of me—but you can never tell. And the times we had together!"

"Did you like him?"

"Nincompoop! Rather! I came very near to loving him, I should suppose. But he was only my friend. And the times we had outside the chambers, too! Miles from Fountain Court, miles from London. Sundays, now and again!—Chestnut Sunday. He never introduced me to anyone except his brother. You remember the song, Edith, at the Tivoli?—but you haven't been to the Tivoli—'You should never introduce your donah to a pal.' And that's a true moral; and he acted up to it. Of course, I didn't stick to him altogether, for all that; and now I wish I had. But there, I wasn't engaged to him, was I? And you can't wonder. Change is what one wants, after these blessed accounts, day after day, hour by hour, till I sometimes think that all the world consists of tea for each customer, at threepence a cup, and scones and sultana cake, twopence. I went out, while I knew him, two or three times, with a solicitor. Would he have been angry, if he'd known? But he never did know! The morning after I had been out the third time with my solicitor, I had a note left for me at the counter by my friend's brother. It was to tell me he was dead."

"Dead!"

"Dead. Suddenly. I knew that he was ill—never well, I mean. What was the matter, I can't tell you—a complication and heart disease. I was torn in two." She stopped a moment, then went on: "Edith, I saw him lying dead. I felt I must see him. I made his brother take me there that very day, before the relations came about. Besides, there was another reason; there were my things in his room. The photograph here—it was stuck up on his wall; my Christian name written on it. 'This is his writing.' She took from between the pages of a story of Miss Broughton's the likeness of herself—a tall young woman, stately, in cheapish evening dress, but with a certain style, made severely. One saw the long, bare arms, which, with her dark hair, must have been brownish by daylight; the plain black velvet bodice, that flashing throat, and the imaginary diamonds. "And the letter-rack—I seized it, because it had been his. Above the heraldic lion were my own letters." His brother let me take them. And I had to, you know. Letters ending 'Your friend, Katherine,' 'Sincerely, Katherine,' 'My love to you, K. S.'; on another, 'Your faithful Katherine.'" The young woman sighed once, deeply. "His people would have wondered who I was, I suppose. And, indeed, who *was* I? I was his friend. . . . I did want to go into fresh mourning for him, though I was in black for Mother already. But then I couldn't well afford to; and my people, too—at Kennington—they would have wondered at me so, in deeper black. And I thought it didn't matter, as he wouldn't know it; if he *did* know it, then he *knew* I mourned for him. A week after, you'd not have recognised me—I'd got so thin. And I am thin still; feel my arms! At Kennington, they said I fretted. Perhaps. Edith! these things don't happen often. . . . What's the good of talking of it!"

The white and handsome face, with the large eyes, profoundly sad, looked for a moment almost bitter. For a moment only. Then she added, "Whatever might have been, it is all over. He was kind to me—and is dead."



"I saw him lying dead."

MRS. JOPLING IN HER STUDIO.

To escape from the *Sturm und Drang* of the busy world into an atmosphere of art and peace, supplemented by the elegant comfort of a well-ordered English home, one possessing, too, quite the features of a country residence, is a pleasure which I always experience when I cross the threshold of Mrs. Jopling's house in Pembroke Road (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). With the sitting-rooms and her own special studio all *en suite*, and having French windows leading into a picturesque garden, bounded at its southern extremity by her spacious School of Art,



AN AUTO-PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOPLING.

one could almost live an *al fresco* life, not unsuggestive, by-the-way, of Mrs. Jopling's principle of bringing her pupils face to face with nature.

"Does not your system of teaching the principles of art differ a good deal from the regular academic method, Mrs. Jopling?" I asked her.

"Certainly. I always accustom my pupils from the first to think for themselves, and not to see Nature through other people's spectacles." To draw alone from 'the flat' cultivates nothing but a faculty for imitation at the expense of creative power. But please understand that I do not wish to decry altogether the study and observation of the view others take of Nature. All I contend for is that this will not alone suffice. You might as well expect a playwright to be made by his merely writing out some hundreds of lines of a Shaksperian drama. Copying the works of a great sculptor is not without its use, doubtless, but it is emphatically subordinate to drawing from the living model. I put my pupils at that from the very commencement, and so in studying the living figure and a Greek statue together the pupil unconsciously learns to appreciate the lines that convey beauty and strength."

"I believe you have done a good deal in pastels, have you not?"

"Yes, a considerable amount, chiefly in the direction of portraits. I like to work in pastel very much. You can get an effect so quickly, and this is invaluable with a fidgety sitter. Besides, you can keep your colour so pure. Pastel is a capital medium to work in after charcoal and before the student precipitates himself into the difficulties of oil painting."

"Now, what is your view of the study of art in relation to matrimony?" With a rapid glance, she replied oracularly—

"Well, I can't say that the study of art makes for or against a girl in her marriage prospects. But what it decidedly does, apart from other considerations, is to keep her out of mischief, giving her a healthful and purposeful occupation, instead of leaving her with nothing to do but to read trashy novels, to study the fashions, and to husband-hunt in the Park. All study conduces to accuracy and method, which have their distinct value when girls are called on to manage their own households. We should hear less of the Divorce Court if women, especially some women, had an object in life such as art to interest them in their leisure hours."

"Which do you prefer to paint, ideal subjects or portraits?"

"Well, I hardly know. Humanity certainly interests me immensely. I like to try and find out the characteristics of my sitters, and then to reproduce them at their very best. However, I'm afraid I can't

positively say. I like painting portraits best—in fact, I think I prefer just what I'm doing at the moment."

"Just as when you have devoted yourself to the grouping of tableaux representative of historical events?"

"Well, I have never made a specialty of that; it interests me intensely, however, I confess. The late E. W. Godwin, under whom I first worked, most kindly acknowledged my assistance in grouping Dr. Todhunter's 'Helen of Troy.' I also did the 'Antigone' for Lady Maidstone, and I greatly enjoyed sketching in the tableaux at Chelsea last year with living figures instead of with charcoal."

"And what are your views of the influence of art on fashion?"

For a moment there was a pause. Mrs. Jopling evidently fully appreciated this complex question, and adroitly skirted round it by replying, "I think, if art has its way, fashion in costume would be controlled to its benefit; but, unfortunately, womankind is so often like *les brebis de Panurge*—one goes over the hedge and the others follow. What one woman can wear gracefully makes another a guy. We are not built all alike, and we are not all of the same age. Perhaps, if women paid less attention to the interested advice of their milliners and employed more often their own common-sense, we should see ourselves less incongruously clothed than we do now."

"I should like to ask you, Mrs. Jopling, which country, in your opinion, shows at present most vitality in art progress?"

"That's rather an imprudent question, I fear, considering that so much of my own art education was got in France, in M. Chaplin's atelier. So all my predilections are in favour of the French School. As a nation, I think France in its artistic perceptions and its love of art puts England far in the background, and this is probably due to the fact that every parish has its art school, open to both sexes on a nominal fee of, I think, two francs a term; their museums, also, are open on Sundays, the only day when the masses have opportunities to give their minds to art. Consider, too, that the Salon, which is identical with our Royal Academy, has certain free days over and above the Sundays, the society recouping itself by making a charge of five francs on a special day, when the world of fashion and the art collector can move about with greater comfort; and, although I hold that there is in France more artistic feeling generally, I can't deny that more vitality in art of an independent and original nature is shown at the present day in England."

Presently the studio began to fill with afternoon callers, it being Mr. Jopling's "at home" day, and conversation became general. Among the reproductions of many of Mrs. Jopling's exhibited works, I noticed on the walls as I left "Five o'Clock Tea" (on the line at the Academy), "The Search for the Breadwinner," "Auld Robin Gray," "A Modern Cinderella," &c., copies of the last two being reproduced in these pages.



Photo by W. Davey, James Street, Harrogate.

MRS. JOPLING.



JAMIE'S RETURN (FROM "AULD ROBIN' GRAY")

ORIGINALLY EXHIBITED BY MRS. JOPLING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE DRAMATIC MASTER-BUILDERS AT DRURY LANE.

Like the Marseilles of M. Rigaud Blandois and John Baptist Cavalletto, the Strand "lay burning in the sun one day," as I turned from it up busy Catherine Street, and into the cool and quiet spaciousness of Drury Lane Theatre, where those dramatic Master-Builders, Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Henry Pettitt, were energetically constructing, with infinite



with his keen, dark, alert face, cool with the quiet confidence of a man who knows his work and means to do it. The broad shoulders of Mr. Latham are conspicuous for a brief space, as he consults with Mr. Henry Pettitt—tall, thin, and fair, with the drooping moustache of a colonel in the Guards.

Suddenly from the depths of the easy-chair comes the clear-cut, business-like question, "Collins, can't we begin?" and a minute later the rehearsal is in full swing—the Master-Builders are at work.

Mr. Collins, prompt copy in hand, takes the centre of the stage, and is surrounded by a group of actors and actresses, to whom the bare boards of Drury Lane are transformed by a green mat into a velvety lawn running down to the Thames, presently to be rolled up bodily and put away by that handy man, the scene-shifter. With subdued voices, but sufficient dramatic action and intonation to afford a piquant contrast to their ordinary walking garb, they go through their parts gravely, earnestly, for this is the "business first" of the performers, which must precede the "pleasure afterwards" of the public.

By this time Harry Nicholls, showing in his brown face no trace of his recent illness, has strolled on to the stage in characteristic fashion; Mr. Henry Neville, frock-coated and dignified, as becomes the leading man at the National Theatre, crosses the boards with stately stride; Mr. Arthur Daere, tall and *distingué*, the *beau idéal* aristocratic villain, in a serge suit and straw hat, as though he were fresh from the sunny reaches of the Upper Thames, talks to Mrs. Bernard Beere, a woman of much importance in the new play, handsome and graceful as always, in a white costume and one of those broad-leaved hats which suit her so well; and the juvenile lead, in the person of Mr. Fenton, with a jaunty air and a light tweed suit—wisely habituating himself off the boards to the *négligé* fashion of his usual rôles—stands, waiting his cue, hard by Mr. William Elton, to whom is allotted the part of a comic Jew.

In the background the hammers of the stage-carpenters keep up an incessant tapping, and in the gloom of the huge pit men move about, bearing lanterns, with Rembrandtesque effect.

Silent, but watchful, the two Master-Builders sit, one on each side of the little table. A knotty point arises between Harry Nicholls and Mr. Collins, and in a moment Sir Augustus has sprung to his feet and has seized a chair, placed it for the actress who is the third factor in the problem, and has spoken with emphasis the actor's line: "We'll have a nice little chat together," adding in his quick, cheery way, "There, d'you see?" And the bit of "business" is clear as the noonday, for Sir Augustus is a born actor, with whom every inflection of the voice and every gesture or movement of the body has its significance.

"You must seem to look round the back of your head, Harry," is

patience and a microscopic care for minutiae, the coming Drury Lane drama, "A Life of Pleasure," of which Mr. Pettitt had supplied the fullest possible plans and specification in the book of the play and Sir Augustus the animate and inanimate "materials."

Night thoughts are rarely roseate, and Dr. Young tells us that "A man of pleasure is a man of pains." Of a certainty one might be pardoned for adapting the phrase to the new play as one watches the serious and earnest bearing with which the popular manager and playwright set about the business of producing "A Life of Pleasure" on the stage, as they follow the play, line upon line and situation upon situation, developing extra energy when from time to time modifications suggest themselves and are duly carried into effect.

Peering through the dim light which envelops stalls and pit in a grey mystery of gloom, shot through by fitful flashes from a naked T-light of flaring gas on the stage, it is possible to discern on the prompt side, gathered around a small table, pretty Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Laura Linden, piquant and charming, Miss Le Thière, dignified and imposing, graceful Miss Eweretta Lawrence, and some other ladies, chatting cheerily, for, as a friendly carpenter confides to me, "they have knocked off a bit" from rehearsal, and the half-hour respite is not quite over.

In the very centre of the stage, down by the footlights, stands a small square table, covered with a green-and-black cloth, and flanked on the one side by a bent-wood chair, with a red velvet seat, and on the other by a capacious leather rocking-chair, whose depths might well woo to slumbrous idleness anyone less energetic than Master-Builders Harris. On the prompt side, a house with French windows opening on an imaginary lawn suggests riotous living and a waste of substance, while wicker easy-chairs plainly hint at the murmuring Thames gliding by where in the dull world of actuality stands the empty orchestra, a yawning chasm.

A rehearsal in a great theatre is a matter for rigid punctuality, and the stage is rapidly fringed with players.

One of the first to return is Sir Augustus himself, who promptly starts an animated conversation with Miss Le Thière in English and French, accentuating his good stories with much facial play and Gallic gesticulation, talking with his eyebrows, his hands, and his shoulders as well as with his tongue. Then comes Arthur Collins, the indefatigable aide-de-camp of the lessee of Drury Lane,



one of his expressive hints to the popular comedian, and then, scarcely has a charming actress said archly, "Why are you so broken-hearted?" than there comes, in queer contrast, the sharp, business-like comment, "Too soon, that!"

The smallest detail is not too small for the quick eye of Sir Augustus, than whom none knows better the importance of little things in building



up a drama—the amount of enlightenment which may come to an audience, even as huge as that which fills Old Drury, by means of a shrug, a smile, a wave of the hand, a particular cadence of the voice.

Romance and sentiment and humour, as found in the dialogue and "business" of Master-Builder Pettitt, are curiously mixed up with grave instructions and instructive gesture by Master-Builder Harris, and the "blend" is fantastically funny.

The comic Jew tells Arthur Dacre, whom "A Life of Pleasure"



has plainly put up a financial tree, "Come round to my office in the morning," and adds, in accents of ludicrous despair, "Oh, that girl! I believe she is making a fool of me!" The young lover laments his early departure from England, and exhorts his sweetheart in the poetic fashion usual, no doubt, even with the modern young man on his last day in England, "Let the man pull steady and the woman steer straight, and you will go on loving and trusting to the end." And a little later come the fine contralto notes of Mrs. Bernard Beere declaring in broken accents, "He told me he loved me," and the white hand clutches the white throat, as Mr. Fenton declares roundly, apropos of the faithless one in question, "The scoundrel! I'll never forgive him!"

Sir Augustus, with excellent judgment, thinks the sentiment expressed with a shade too much energy, and jumps up again, repeating the phrase in his own way. "Say it with intensity, but quietly," he suggests, and the improvement is quickly obvious.

In the midst of this little episode, half a houseboat is wheeled on "O.P.," and several members of the company mount to the roof; a mandoline song floats melodiously down into the great dim spaces of the empty house—tested most delicately by Sir Augustus subsequently, to see how loud the tinkling may be, in order to permeate the house without interfering with the dialogue—followed by a threatened recitation by Harry Nicholls, and suggestions of funny business for the comic Jew—notably that the ladder to the roof shall have handrails each side, so that the Israelite, in whom is much guile, may, as Sir Augustus puts it, "Slide down on the exit." With which practical suggestion, and the imaginary sequent roar from the "gods" in my ears, I make my own exit, feeling no small admiration for my, my Master-Builders, and the infinite pains which they are expending in order to make "A Life of Pleasure" a success.

A. G.

HOW SHAKSPERE WAS ORIGINALLY PLAYED.

It is many and many a year ago since Ben Jonson expressed his contempt for the stage carpenter in the lines—

A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold nor ivory haft can make it good. . . .
Or to make boards to speak! There is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got mechanic age.

This—the latter end of the nineteenth century—is by a great deal a more mechanic age than Ben Jonson's time, or than it was in 1857, when Hans Andersen saw "The Tempest" with "really magical scenery." "Unfortunately," he says, "Shakspeare vanished in the enjoyment of the eye. One forgot the poet in the wonderful decorations, and returned home as empty as if one had been viewing a panorama." It is not at all unnatural that there should be a recoil, and that, at least with Elizabethan plays, something of their old-world setting and acting should be attempted again. The Elizabethan method was quite different from ours, so different, in fact, that a play was acted in Shakspeare's time in as short a space of time as two hours or two hours and a half. "It can hardly be doubted," says an authority in the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, "that the dialogue, which often exceeds two thousand lines, was all spoken on the stage, for none of the dramatists wrote with a view to publication, and few of the plays were printed from the author's manuscript. This fact points to a skilled and rapid delivery on the part of the actor. Artists of the French school, whose voices are highly trained, and capable of a varied and subtle modulation, will run through a speech of fifty lines with the utmost ease and rapidity, and there is good reason to suppose that the blank verse of the Elizabethan dramatists was spoken 'trippingly on the tongue.' In the 'Stage-Player's Complaynt,' a pamphlet that appeared in 1641, we find an actor making use of the expression: 'Oh, the times when my tongue have ranne as fast upon the Secan as a Windebanks pen over the Ocean!' As the plays, moreover, were not divided into acts, no pause was necessary in the representation; they were, besides, so constructed as to allow the opening of every scene to be spoken by characters who had not appeared in the close of the preceding one, this being done, presumably, to avoid unnecessary delay. So, with an efficient elocution and no 'waits,' the Elizabethan actors would have got through one-half of a play before our Victorian actors could cover a third." Somewhat of the primitive touch of the old days has been revived by the Woodland Players, organised by Mr. Greet, and now the Shakspeare Reading Society—though its president is none other than Mr. Irving, who has not thrown himself into any opposition of stage carpentry—proposes to present "Measure for Measure" "on a stage after sixteenth century model, flanked by groups of spectators in the costume of that day." The performance, which takes place at some West-End theatre on Nov. 11, and the proceeds of which will go to the Samuel Brandram Fund, will be a very interesting experiment.

Speaking of acting, it may be questioned whether any profession attracts the admiration of outsiders as the stage. During the summer the amateur actor has been "resting," as they say in Stageland, but now he is working up for the coming winter. The author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has surely as great a name to give a dramatic club as any contemporary playwright or actor. The Pinero Dramatic Club, with Mr. A. W. P. himself as its president, and Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson among its vice-presidents, begins work this month, and later on it may be expected to show us what it can do.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It seems curious that in the Columbus year, when Columbian exhibitions and Columbus processions and stamps and other "fixings" have been raging over America, it has been reserved for a London theatre to turn out an elaborate burlesque of the great navigator. For such a piece would be sure of success in the United States, one would think, if only decently done; whereas in England the interest felt in the subject is comparatively slight. If I were an American, or at least *au fait* with American "topics," I should find a gold mine in the great Christopher. Possibly Messrs. Sims and Raleigh will do as much. But I think I would not give the part of Columbus to a young lady, however able; it is a rôle for a really eminent comedian.

I have not, of course, the slightest idea of the treatment which the story will suffer for a London burlesque; but my idea of it for strictly American use is as follows: The First Act should open, let us say, at Seville. Columbus would come to ask for help in his enterprise, and there might be excellent scenes with Court dignitaries. The meanness of Ferdinand and the enthusiasm of Isabella could be happily contrasted, and local colour and dances might be happily introduced by Moorish captives. Then Isabella might pawn her jewels to support Columbus, Ferdinand disguising himself and taking the pledge as a pawnbroker, and finally, after many chances and changes (all giving occasion for dances), Columbus would set sail, the royal party watching him from the quay. A comic touch might be adroitly interwoven by the great explorer being late for his vessel (a penny steamboat), and being pitched on board at the last moment. It is hardly necessary to say that Columbus would seize every opportunity for calling his bark "his gallant caramel."

Act Second would open with a view of New York, somewhat improved in architecture, but still barbarous in character. Custom-House savages of the Ma-kin-lee tribe would be discovered awaiting their prey. Columbus would arrive, and, after a struggle, would extricate himself from the clutches of Long Chalk, Big Drink, and other savage chiefs, and swear eternal friendship with them. The news of his arrival would spread, and he would be assailed by the Intah-veew-ahs and the clan of the Dudes—anxious to know whether Columbus wore his trousers turned up or not—and finally, on telling plenty of stories about his ancestry, Christopher would be admitted to the magic circle of the Four Hundred, and received with honour by the Sachems of Tammany. The act would close appropriately by a Presidential Campaign procession, escorted by the Grand Army of the Republic, consisting of a hundred thousand mighty men of valour that draw pensions.

The Third Act would bring Columbus to Chicago. Here he might fall in with all sorts of savage tribes; he would be decorated with second-class medals, and graciously permitted to pay his own hotel bills, like his descendant the Duke of Veraguadiente. Of course, negotiations would go on to marry him to a savage heiress, hung round with the scalps of brokers whom her "Poppa" had slaughtered on Wall Street. However, this happy consummation would be interrupted by a demand from Spain for the surrender of the explorer, and, in accordance with the Extradition Treaty, he would be put in chains and placed on board an American yacht sailing across to race the Britannia. However, just before the ship started it would be discovered that the explorer was of Irish birth, and he would prove this by a spirited rendering of the latest ballad—Boshyhooly, or Drivelaloo, or Blitherary, or something of that kind. Instantly, an ironclad flying the crownless harp of Erin (the harp that once through Ta-ra-ra's halls) would heave in sight, and the green-jackets of the Clan-na-Gael would rescue the mighty Christopher. He would be hailed as head of the Pension Bureau, and might declare his intention of applying its revenues to pay off the deficit on the Exhibition. This would ensure loud applause for the fall of the curtain. All this is merely a sketch of what might be done by an American author for American use. I have not the slightest idea how Columbus will be treated in London, except that she will have a fine voice and that (presumably) her part will be romantic as well as comic.

There is a certain element of farce in the tragedies that have recently been acted in the mining districts. The spectacle of soldiers, whose presumable duty it was to protect certain Scotch and English miners in Wales, standing by to see them driven away by threats is of itself grimly humorous. Ridiculous also is it for soldiers to wait, finger on trigger, while a howling mob is burning and destroying, because the magistrate who has to read the Riot Act has not turned up. But most delightful

of all to any mocking Mephistopheles must have been the sight of the "Labour leaders" safe out of the way at Belfast, calmly passing over the violence of their flocks, and concentrating their indignation on the tardy and ineffectual attempts of the authorities to restore order by using soldiers. That saintly strikers should beat and hunt "blacklegs" or mining officials, burn buildings and coal, turn loaded trucks on to the main line of a railway, seems right and proper; that wicked soldiers—"hired murderers" is, I believe, the proper democratic term—should resist or even dare to shoot some of these worthy people is "monstrous and hideous," to quote the language of Mr. Gladstone, also of the "heavy father" in the average provincial melodrama.

Now, that a miner on strike should strongly object to having his place taken by another is no more than human and natural; that he should endeavour to dissuade the "blackleg" from working by all legal means is easily justifiable; that he should overstep the limit of the law is deplorable, but almost inevitable. But that he should go on to destroy, not only the abode of the "blackleg," but the very buildings and machinery of the very mine where he himself hopes soon to resume work at increased wages, seems not only discreditable but senseless. If anybody or anything is ever to be shot, with due warrant of law and morality, it seems hard to tell why an incendiary striker should not be so shot.

But our worthy "Labour leaders" seem to think that they and their flocks can play and never pay; can call heads and win on tails; can take the advantages of the law and shirk its dangers. They can drive away trade to foreign ports, and retain it still; they can take more of the joint produce of labour and capital, and yet leave as much as before for the employer; they can shift responsibility from the union to the secretary, and from the secretary to the union; they can libel their opponents and invoke the law to punish for milder language used of themselves; they will claim damages, but refuse to pay any; they will have seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny—to themselves—and will decline to pay even the penny, let alone the extra twopence-halfpenny. Labour, in short, wants to eat its cake and have it too.

Now, the only way to do this is to eat your own cake and then have somebody else's. And if somebody else objects— MARMITON.

THE TRAINING OF A CIRCUS HORSE.

People who go to circuses and see horses, elephants, and dogs perform wonderful tricks must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A ringmaster has been giving an interviewer interesting information concerning horses. The horse, he says, contrary to general belief, is the most stupid animal on earth. He has only one faculty—memory. Having forced tricks into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from five to seven years old. Before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough. The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run round regularly, and then stop at a given signal. To accomplish this the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent, armed with sharp points, fixed on the nose of the horse. In his right hand he holds the long whip. Behind the animal an assistant with a short, stout whip is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and, pulling his tether and smacking his long whip, forces him to gallop round. If he refuses the assistant uses his whip also. If he is obedient he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short, the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant, with his short whip, throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained. The horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles, and attached to a tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving, makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with the foot bracelets. As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it. "I first get a carrot," says the ringmaster. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which he is allowed to eat. The next day, before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran; he takes it and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day, until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief in the hope of getting the carrot."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



AUTOMNE.—G. DUBUFFE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



ARTS OF PEACE.—BY M'EWEN.

PAINTING ON THE TYMPANUM ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



A MODERN CINDERELLA.—MRS. JOPLING.

ART NOTES.

A curious little paragraph published in the *Architect* opens up a subject which is of considerable interest and of some importance in the present condition of art in France, particularly the art of architecture. The facts of the case may be briefly stated. The façade of Rouen Cathedral is, as it seems, gradually falling into a deplorable condition of ruin, and the reports received from the Minister of Fine Arts declare that a sum of 600,000*fr.*, or £24,000, will be necessary to carry out a complete scheme of restoration. Now, as the cathedral is a national monument, the Minister will be able, under certain conditions, to obtain for its restoration a liberal grant from the State. Those conditions, however, impose upon Rouen the task of contributing part of the cost. As it has fallen out, the local Conseil-Général has rejected this necessary condition unanimously.

What is the result? Owing to the lack of public spirit on the part of the inhabitants of the place, a very noble work of art is doomed to unavoidable destruction. And here an ingenious suggestion has been made. It is pointed out that since Americans have from time to time expressed a perfect readiness to buy up English buildings of a certain age, it is time that they should turn their attention to France. It is pointed out, coming to this particular case, that it would be an unjust expectation to look for the restoration of a French monument at the hands of strangers, and "would it not be better," it is asked, "if the cathedral were preserved in New York than crumbling in Rouen?"

It is certain that the erection of Rouen Cathedral in New York would have in it something fairly incongruous. The sad, straight streets would show a singularly strange appearance in juxtaposition with the venerable elaborations and sober colours of an ancient Gothic cathedral. The rest of New York would wear too much the aspect of a museum, with this erection for its antiquarian treasure. Rather we should incline to favour—presupposing the agreeable millionaire—the erection of a new, yet old, city in the New World, which, without any relation to the architectural methods of Chicago as evidenced in the illustration above, would contain all the monuments of old days. There Rouen Cathedral might

hold its natural station; and from the other corner of the Quartier Latin, transplanted from Paris, men might indifferently saunter to religious worship within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Meanwhile, dreams apart, the inhabitants of Rouen are severely to blame.

The Jacobin Convent in Paris, of late mediæval fame, does not permit its memory to fall into desuetude. The building, or rather the rebuilding, of the École du Droit upon its site has brought to light a quantity of Gothic arches, carved in various designs, which formerly belonged to the cloisters of the convent. Such of us as are acquainted with the varying magnificence of many of these arches, particularly of this period, will look to the results of this discovery with interest.

Richborough Castle, well described as a "relic of Roman and Saxon times, of the Christianity which was brought to this island by Augustine," should not be permitted to fade like the insubstantial fabric of

Under the general title of "Studies from the Museums," Mr. R. Sutton (Ludgate Hill) has just published an interesting portfolio of reproductions of wood-carvings from the South Kensington Museum, edited by Eleanor Rowe. The specimens include examples of Flemish, English, French, Spanish, and Italian work. It is interesting to examine the various characteristics of the different styles here represented, although that marked English, and also chronicled as doubtful, is by far the most characteristic, for a certain rough beauty of its own, of the whole series.

The Flemish examples combine the curiously opposite qualities of stiffness and voluptuousness. A rigid fulness, an austere rotundity—if such paradoxical qualities can be conceived without the aid of illustration—are rather the marks of this particular school. The French examples are by far the least interesting of the series, showing only a kind of prettiness without any particular characteristic. On the other



LA MORT DE BRUTUS.—G. WERTHEIMER.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

a vision, and the fact that a fund is being collected for its purchase, to include about six acres, is one which is at all hands comforting. The price asked, both for the ruins and for the land, is £900, and, considering the importance and venerableness of the pile, the sum demanded can certainly not be described as exorbitant.

We spoke some little time since of the honours conferred by the authorities of the Chicago Exhibition upon British and other artists, and we expressed some wonder at the time how few such artists would be inclined to look upon the matter as one to be regarded with any serious spirit of elation—the rewards were so exceedingly promiscuous and undiscerning. An additional fact, which goes somewhat to swell the reasons against such serious regard is the curious announcement that each recipient of a medal will be called upon to pay for it. The natural question intervenes: Will the artists upon whom the medal has been conferred consider that the honour is worth the cost of the medal? For our part, we— But, perhaps, plain speaking is not always quite diplomatic.

hand, the Spanish types, in spite of a certain heaviness, are characterised by a noble kind of simplicity which is very attractive indeed. The Italian examples are crammed—if the word may be permitted—with the spirit of the Renaissance, and of the Renaissance in a moment of singular spring and vitality. Taking the book on the whole, the originals from which the different types are reproduced are full of interest, and the reproductions are quite admirably done.

The visit of the British Association to Nottingham decided the authorities of the Nottingham Corporation Museum and Art Galleries to put on exhibition—instead of the usual autumn collection of modern pictures—a loan collection. Mr. G. H. Wallis, F.S.A., who is the energetic director, has, we are assured, succeeded in bringing together a singularly fine collection, which, besides including works by certain artists connected with the town—a list which, we confess, does not fill our souls with delight—contains examples of the greatest among our modern English painters. Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. La Thangue, and many others are represented



THE CARRIER'S STABLE.—GEORGE MORLAND.

Engraved by W. Ward in colours. Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

there, and the list of contributors to the exhibition is a formidably distinguished one. It is also announced that "a special feature of the exhibition will be a collection of eighty-five works by Edwin Ellis." On that we make no comment.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have just published a notable sort of volume entitled "Tennyson's Heroes and Heroines," which, amid a wilderness of text, most artistically devised, and creeping hither and thither at its own sweet will, includes a quantity of ideal portraits of these noble creatures. Ideal, indeed, they are, and therefore they may be regarded rather as expressing a poetical fancy than such a reality as each mind has formed for itself. Mr. Marcus Stone is the principal artist of these ideal portraits, he furnishing those of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, the rustic wife of Lord Burleigh, the Lady of Shallott, Adeline, Margaret, and others. Mr. G. Kilburne, Mr. R. Sauber, and others join in the feminine fray, the heroines out-topping the heroes in number by lengths and lengths. The result, if not altogether after one's own heart, is, nevertheless, of a certain undoubted interest.

But Messrs. Tuck are indefatigable in the untiring energy of their publications, and simultaneously with this volume is published quite a charming series of pictorial works, such as "In the Service of the Lord," a series of texts illustrated by Helen M. Burnside, "Told by Sunbeams and Me," and a quaint children's book called "Pleasures and Treasures."



L'ALLÉE DES PLATANES, AU JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG.—P. A. SCHAAN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"To-morrow will be Friday,
So we'll 'quaff our beer to-day."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



POOR DEAR FELLOW!

"Now, are you not ready yet?"

"No, dear. This wretched rouge has too much vermillion in it, and I can't make it harmonise with my eyes."



OF COURSE NOT !

" But, Aunt, I don't like passing by that street, the men at the clubs stare at me so."
" You are mistaken, my dear ; I often pass that way, and they never stare at me."



MISS KATIE LAWRENCE SINGING "DAISY."



"MAN NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE IS TRULY HAPPY."—Montaigne.

MR. DEPHSPOOST (sadly): "I suppose I'll never hear it."



THE MERMAID BEGAN TO TWINE HER TRESSES ROUND MY NECK.

RE "AYACANORA" (A YACHT).

Bright morning! Blue sky! The sparrows splashing and chirping in the puddles in the Lincoln's Inn Fields gutter. The plane-trees in the square at their best. A butterfly flits over the railings. Even the solicitor's costs clerk is happy. "Not such a bad wind, after all," he thinks, as he pens down a £1 item extra in the Chancery bill that ought not to be there; "anyhow, it blows the firm something good."

And I was walking past the famous red brick mansion of the famous Minister—Happy Newcastle! to possess that *mélange* of dense ignorance and lack of principle which is ever so needful for perfect and permanent success. By this you may guess that I am a cynical, decidedly honest, intelligent person, who, in consequence, can count neither lands nor beaves in mighty quantities.

I was bent on paying a visit to my legal man. I am trustee to a moderately large suburban estate. My liver keeps fairly in order from having to periodically tramp up the stairs to Chancery Chambers. All the same, Joneson is an excellent creature, and he happened to be in excellent form. The world had been using him well. The bill of costs on the table before him was round and plump, and had not been too heavily taxed down.

"Well, Jackmann," he began, lighting a Morales, and smiling pleasantly—he has good teeth, and so can afford to—"well, here you are; after all, I only want you to put your name to a 'consent' or two, and then I've done, so far as business is concerned. You can smoke—have one of these. I've no appointment this morning."

Joneson happens to be epigrammatic. He is well-to-do, and the well-to-do generally are. The smallish balance at the bankers' maketh the sourest cynic.

As the smoke slowly wreathed from between his teeth, I saw a half-humorous, half-curious look in his eyes.

"By-the-way," he said, "did you read the paper this morning when you came up from Ryde, or did you 'whist'?"

"A brace of gunners got in at Fratton, and we played all the way up."

He did not answer for a moment or so. Then he took a blue paper draft from the drawer before him, and, still keeping his cigar in his mouth, slowly opened it. Then he looked at me again.

"I suppose you believe in esoteric Buddhism, evolution, and all the rest of it, as they happen to be the go just now?"

"Well, I like to stand in a little with the times."

He shook his head.

"I suppose you would draw the line at a mermaid?" He knocked the ash off his cigar with his finger.

As he chose to be so absurd, I made up my mind to be the reverse.

"I once saw a mermaid at Stevenage Fair; the head part was taken from a rabbit, the tail from a dried mackerel; it was neatly glazed all over. When I ventured to suggest that I always thought that mermaids were full-sized females with luxuriant tresses and provided with gold mirrors, the showman answered, 'P'raps she's shrunk, guv'nor; and what more do you expect for a ha'penny?'"

Joneson glanced at the draft.

"Do you remember McPhain when we were at Corpus together?"

"Of course I do. Didn't he run the *Ayacanora* at Ryde two years ago and foul something, and wasn't there a bit of a row about it all?"

"Yes. Do you know that he was here two months ago, and that I made this very draft I've got in my hand for him? He swore to the affidavit here."

"Yes," said my friend, taking another pull at his cigar; "it is an odd thing, and, whether you believe it or not, I don't care anything at all about the matter." He threw the draft to me over the table. The blue paper fell down heavily, and flapped about like the wings of a seagull on a Margate wavelet. "This was what McPhain dictated to me. It was quite in the ordinary form that one has such things dictated. As a matter of detail it was much clearer than usual. He was as collected as possible, and evidently had his wits about him—at least, I thought so. When he came in he was dressed in a more than ordinary rough-and-ready costume, blue jumper, a straw hat, brown boots, and blue trousers more than much the worse for wear. He began with, 'Joneson, I want to make an affidavit.' I said, 'What for?' He answered, 'I want to make it because I want to make it. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio." I knew what he was years ago. It did not in the least worry me. "You want to make an affidavit; I'll take it down," as you see in the draft I have done—

Re Ayacanora.

I, Charles James McPhain, gentleman, of Grosvenor Mansions, County of London, owner of the yacht *Ayacanora*, 70 tons (yaw), make oath and say as follows—

(1) On May 17, 1892, manned by the skipper John Jones and a crew of eight hands, having no friends with me, I weighed anchor at Erith, Lower Thames, for the Lofoden. We had a fair passage to Copenhagen, where we dropped anchor, and after leaving that port met with bad weather, wind blowing half a gale at N.N.W. We fetched up at Thelma Harbour on June 12, all hands being in good health with the exception of myself, who was suffering from headache, occasional nervous depression, and an unpleasant tremulousness of the hands. I had been very careful all through the passage, having had to make several important observations to leeward.

We had met with an accident, having carried away the bowsprit through cracking on too much. Being anxious, as I always am, to make a quick passage, carrying a balloon jib when, no doubt, we ought to have been carrying a storm. On June 23, having refitted, we sailed northward, and on the night

of the 31st dropped anchor in the Lafra Harbour, Dronin Islands. We could not cast close in, as the draught was not sufficient, and therefore had to anchor in the main current.

(2) Being in harbour, there was no watch kept. I had been standing on deck some time when there was a hail of "*Ayacanora*, ahoy!" The cry came from the bow, and, looking over, I saw a strange figure hanging on to the bobstay. The strange being swarmed up on deck. At first I found it somewhat difficult to believe the evidence of my own senses. I am not sufficiently an anatomist to describe accurately the strange construction of the wonderful female who, with the greatest self-possession, seated herself on the bulwarks. In the dim light it was quite observable that the mermaid possessed great personal attractions and all the ordinary social graces, although but scantily attired. I said to her, "So good of you to come." She offered me her hand in the very latest Kensington style.

"A pleasure to see you in our waters," she answered. "Perhaps my presence may surprise you somewhat, but doubtless, if you have read your Kingsley, and know all about the water-babies, you can quite accept me as a reality." Here she began to twine her tresses round my neck.

"Yes; but I don't take all things that Kingsley says for gospel truth—the Joey Bagstock of Parsondom was at times given to draw the long bow quite as much as anyone else."

"But I am here—that is quite evident." She flapped her tail somewhat indignantly.

"That," I answered, "is, though delightful to me, almost an unpardonable anomaly in the face of admitted Nature. How can you, Madam, consistently exist and form a factor in modern civilisation? You must end, my dear lady, in the same way as she. I should not like to see you shrink away to a mere Derby chick."

She replied, "I have not the slightest intention of doing either that or of being reduced to a Norfolk biffin, or shrivelled up monkey, because there is no other way for a popular novelist to get rid of me in a decentish chapter. I am sure, though, that my absence is better than your company, and that from the tone of your voice, Sir, your company must be fairly well liquidated."

After some moments, the lovely being having regained her self-control, promised to pay me a visit the next day at noon, and I offered her a box of chocolate ere she vanished. For the sake of detaining her in my company, I suggested to my skipper the possibility of his shaving clean, and rigging himself up in some woman's gear that we had with us, so that he might pass off as a tolerably presentable chaperon. Making use of somewhat profligate



I offered her a box of chocolate.

language, he refused. He remarked that he would see himself—first before he would make a fool of himself to please a split codfish and ballet-girl. He, however, so far relented as to assist in entertaining my lovely guest—at times even would partake almost too freely of the refreshment I alone was moderate with.

From the being in question I learnt many of the marvels of the sea. Indeed, now that I have returned home—though with every intention of paying another visit to the Dronins—I at times imagine that I can see on the walls of my smoke-room curious forms of the small pink crocodile, the green lobster, and the speckled prawn, which have never as yet been properly classified by the most eminent naturalists.

The lady—she must be called so—left us for the last time on Aug. 9. To all the facts stated here I am perfectly ready to make any form of oath or affirmation.

Sworn before me at 256, Lincoln Inn Fields.—GEORGE JONESON, a Commissioner to administer oaths in the High Court of Justice. C. J. McPHAIN.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Joneson, when he had finished reading.

"D. T."

He smiled, and then handing me the *Times* pointed to this paragraph—

LOSS OF THE AYACANORA YAWL.—The *Ayacanora* yawl went down with all hands off the Dronin Islands in the gale of the 17th.—*Dalziel's Cable*.

"What do you think of it now?"

"Still D. T., only more so."

"Oh, go to the—water-babies—I mean, to have a drink."

ARTHUR T. PASK.

THE FOUNDATION OF "FUN."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

So many varied and conflicting versions have already been published of the origin, inspiration, and both literary and artistic support of a comic newspaper not yet thirty years old, that perhaps one who was behind the scenes may be permitted to add to the interesting notes that profess to tell the story of *Fun*. The first proprietor of *Fun* was a picture-frame maker in Fleet Street, called Maclean. He had high ambitions. The new comic paper was destined, so its owner thought, to be a serious rival to *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, which had attained its majority before poor little *Fun* was born. If it was ever to rival *Punch*, of course it must have a dinner at which the cartoons were to be discussed, and the amateur contributions from outsiders read out, and either accepted or consigned to the waste-paper basket. At the first *Fun* table, under the presidency of old Maclean, I imagine you would have found regularly or fitfully such men as Frank Burnand, George Augustus Sala, Tom Hood, E. L. Blanchard, H. J. Byron, Godfrey Turner, Thomas W. Robertson, W. B. Rands, Andrew Halliday, Gordon Thomson, Ernest Griset, and Sandercock. Yes, there was one more, who

was in commission. The paper was virtually edited at the weekly dinner table.

At last *Fun* changed hands. It was bought by a courteous and charming Northumbrian gentleman called Wylam, who was also the proprietor of Spratt's dog and cat biscuits. Then it was that my friend Tom Hood was made sole editor and literary director of *Fun*. He selected for his cartoonist a young, amiable, and delightful artist, one of my dearest friends, Paul Gray, a disciple in the Fred Walker school, a charming worker in water colours, a designer of books, and one of the most lovable Irishmen I have ever met. Alas! early starvation and neglect had done their worst, the seeds of consumption were on him before even temporary fame could come to him, and soon after his first success was made we buried the poor boy in the Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green. I remember that I stood as a model for the first cartoon Paul Gray ever drew for *Fun*, and I was seldom absent from his studio when he was at his weekly work. Tom Hood's staff consisted of W. S. Gilbert, the author of the "Bab Ballads"; Geoffrey Prowse, exquisite versifier, and inventor of that dear old scoundrel, Nicholas, the sporting tipster; Arthur Sketchley (once the Rev. George Rose, my godfather in two churches, the Anglican and the Roman), the author of "Mrs. Brown at the Play," and the witty series of "Brown" papers; Harry



MR. SCOTT'S LIBRARY IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Photo by J. Gear.

shall be called for the present the "mysterious stranger." Tom Hood, across our desks at the War Office, used to make me laugh over the mysterious guest at the *Fun* banquet. No one knew him except the proprietor, Maclean, the picture-frame maker. The "dark horse" was his special guest, and was introduced to the table at Maclean's special request. The proprietor of *Fun* had the highest opinion of the talent of the mysterious one, whether shown by pen or pencil. He was facile, he was witty, he was industrious, and he was a clerk in the Education Department. Unluckily for him, he was a stranger to the majority, and I fear at the outset they did not treat the outsider remarkably well. When, after dinner, the amateur contributions were read out, the very worst jokes and the weakest "copy" were chaffingly ascribed to the "mysterious stranger." But for all that Tom Hood could not help owing to me that amid all this fire of chaff the luckless stranger boldly and bravely held his own, and when the evening came to an end, chaff and banter apart, with Burnand, Byron, and Robertson at the table, some of the very wittiest things had been said by the skeleton at the banquet. And who do you think he was, this stranger who held his own amid the chaff of the *Fun* table? Well, he was a man destined to come from below the salt to the very top of every literary and comic table before many months had passed over their heads. He was the brilliant author of the "Bab Ballads," of whose talent Mark Lemon did not avail himself when he might well have done so; he was a brilliant youth trying to get on *Punch* and glad of a position on *Fun*. The desperate stranger was William Schwenk Gilbert. I expect at that time the editorship of *Fun*

Leigh, faultless again as a light lyricist, soon to be known as the author of the "Carols of Cockayne"; Jack Brough, Tom Robertson, Tom Arher, Savile Clarke, and your humble servant. Whenever they could find time, contributions came in from Sala, Blanchard, Halliday, Dr. Strauss, and many others. In the matter of verse Tom Hood was a purist. A Cockney rhyme was to him an absolute abomination. A false rhythm sent him crazy. It was an education, indeed, to be brought up under such a strict master, and yet he, with such men as Mortimer Collins, Edmund Yates, Jeff Prowse, and Harry Leigh, are not allowed nowadays to be mentioned among the verse-makers of the century. All the log-rolling to-day is done for some "Amos Cottle." Phœbus, what a name! I wonder if these same log-rollers ever read Mortimer Collins's verses in "Echoes of the Week" and the *Owl*. The verses in the comic periodicals of to-day, slipshod, untidy, ragged, and rhymeless, cannot compare with the light verses in the early days of *Fun*. If you doubt my word, go to the volumes starting, say, from 1866, and judge for yourselves. How soon is young genius forgotten! And yet, surely, Geoffrey Prowse—cut off, like Paul Gray, by consumption—who sleeps in the cemetery at Cimiez, near Nice, was a genius of the Chatterton order. If ever you tumble across "Nicholas Notes" in the sixpenny box of an old bookstall, don't fail to secure it; and if ever you read his death poem, called "My Lost Old Age," or "The Beautiful City of Prague," you will own that Jeff Prowse deserved to be crowned with what W. G. Wills calls "the immortelles of our love."

WINTERING IN NOVA ZEMLIA.

Quietly, unadvertised—without even the paragraph considered due to the world when the minor poet is in labour—an Englishman has recently left England to carry out a bold idea, and to carry it out by himself. The project is nothing less than a winter's exploration of the unknown interior of Nova Zemlia, one of the most Arctic of Arctic lands, and the spending such of the balance of that winter as may remain, if any, on the Arctic shores of Siberia, a region which holds in a frozen embrace "The Pole of Extreme Cold."

Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is to lead the English expedition to Franz Josef Land next year, if all go well with him this winter, is the man who is entering on so characteristically English a feat. He is an



Photo by R. W. Gibbs and Co., Middlesbrough.

MR. FREDERICK JACKSON.

old traveller in many parts of the world—I first knocked across him when he was making wonderful bags of alligators on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico—and has already spent six months within the Arctic Circle. He has roughed it in many countries, and in matters of camp life he is an expert. And, if I am not mistaken, it is to this that he will owe his safe return—and return we all must hope he will—to Europe and civilisation next spring.

For the special feature of the expedition on which he has now started is that he intends to reverse the practice of Arctic explorers, and, instead of going into snug winter quarters, he will march steadily northward through Nova Zemlia all through the frightful cold and dark and inexpressibly dreary days of a polar winter. And the object is not simply to make a trial of his powers of endurance—great though this will be—but to apply a test to his very complete Arctic equipment, with a view to learning what can and what cannot be safely taken with him on the prolonged journey he begins next year—a journey which aims at the exploration of Franz Josef Land, and is to be continued as far northward as possible. In the light of this fact, the nature of his equipment becomes a matter of keen interest, and one cannot withhold from Mr. Jackson the warm praise which so prudent and modest a course calls out. It is true that some of the greatest feats in Arctic exploration have been performed by men without previous experience, but, unfortunately, those feats—I give them this name advisedly—have led to bare results, and been accompanied by an entirely disproportionate amount of suffering and loss. Nowadays an explorer of the Arctic must be forewarned, for there can be no getting over the fact that he has been very abundantly forewarned.

On the eve of his going north, Mr. Jackson and I were chatting together in a room which was strewn with the impedimenta of his journey. Furs were piled high in one corner, rifles were stacked in another, on a table stood a medicine chest and cases of instruments, and in the middle of the floor were sledges, snowshoes, and ski. In an environment so suitable, I found no difficulty in getting the explorer—who is fearfully averse to the interviewer—to speak about his outfit and his plans. Did I take some

slight advantage of him and fail to mention *The Sketch*? Not quite; but then, you see, we had camped together in years gone by, and the remembrance of the suffering we had borne together (not meekly, O mosquitoes of the Everglade swamps!) might have formed a *jeu*.

"Now," said I, after a pause, "let me have a complete catalogue of your outfit."

"I won't give you a complete list," was Mr. Jackson's reply. "It is so alarmingly long; but I will do my best. Suppose, for example, I get into my Arctic rig. Verbally, of course."

"Verbally, by all means," I agreed. For I am by nature merciful, and it was then 97 degrees in the shade—well, thereabouts.

"Now, the first thing I put on," began the explorer, lifting his leg unconsciously, "is this—er—er—underclothing. You will notice that it is made of very fine Jaeger wool. I get into a complete suit of it, and then comes this tweed suit, lined, you will observe, with chamois leather. This is practically all that I shall wear, with woollen socks and shooting boots, during the first few weeks of my journey. But the intense cold of winter will soon come upon me, and then I shall take to the fur suits."

"Suits?" with a slight stress on the plural.

"Yes, rather; one wants a double hide in that climate. The first suit is this: a combination garment of Australian opossum with the fur inside. Feel it. Light, isn't it? It only weighs with the hood, stockings, and mitts, 6½ lb. Now, here is the other—also a combination garment."

"Blue-backed seal, surely."

"Yes; this is made from some very fine blue-backed seals. Here are the hood and mitts of this suit. I gave a tremendous lot of time and thought to the cutting and making up of these suits, as on them so much will depend. They were made under my supervision by Messrs. W. Cremer, of Birmingham, and I really think that in point of suitability of fur and shape no suits more adapted to Arctic travel have ever been used. Oh! here are my boots."

"Boots! Sleeping-bags, you mean," I mildly joked.

"No; boots; we will come to the sleeping-bags soon. Yes; the foot is 16 in. long, and the calf must be about 25 in. round, but, of course, I put my legs into them with sealskin stockings on and sealskin trousers. These boots are made of the same blue-black seal's fur, but inside this is a thin sheet of waterproof, and inside that again is lambswool. The soles are of felt, with a sheet of waterproof between the thicknesses."

One could hardly believe that those boots were the product of this degenerate age; there was something heroic in the scale on which they were built. I don't like to talk of them in ordinary prose; they deserve a saga to themselves. Still, time was going, so I turned to the tent.

"Green silk, like Nansen's," said Mr. Jackson, "but rather stronger, I think. This is all I am taking for camping out in; it won't do to plank it down on very exposed spots. But the configuration of Nova Zemlia lends itself to numberless deep valleys, and in the rocky cliffs I hope to find many an eyrie where I can pitch it and be safe and cosy."

"Comparatively?"

"Well, comparatively, then," laughed the explorer. "You see the plan of the tent; it is what is sometimes called the 'Whymper tent.' These poles are very light; they are made of bamboo—the male bamboo, you know—but they are shod with steel, and I hope to use them as alpenstocks as often as tent-poles. Now I come to the sleeping-bags."

"Ah, the sleeping-bags." No, I did not look at the boots.

"This sleeping-bag," and Mr. Jackson pulled it across the floor to show the size, "is about 7 ft. 6 in. long: at the shoulders it is 33 in. wide, and at the feet 18 in. Get inside."

I did, but, like little Binks, "soon jumped out again."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me you had a stove inside?"

"Humbug! Lambswool—that's all—but plenty of it. Here is the flap—see, it buttons over, and makes all snug."

Yes, if anything will make any one snug in an Arctic winter that sleeping-bag will.

"Now, here are my rifles, two, and a trustworthy old shot-gun, which, I think, you have met before. These rifles are built with the Lee-Metford rifling—303 bore, you know. This long, conical bullet will go through 3 ft. of teak, so it ought to do for bears. I have had some experience with 'bar'—I've shot more than thirty, I think—and I really look forward to doing damage with these rifles."

"Are you going in for sport much?"

"I'm afraid I shall not have the time, as I have a lot of tramping and collecting to do, and shall be very busy with skinning birds and laying down my map, and that sort of thing; but you may depend upon my having a good deal of sport *en route*. Besides, I shall make a point of eating fresh meat whenever the chance comes my way."

"Ah, that brings us to the stores. What are you taking—anything very special?"

"Yes, I have got some things which are very well suited to the climate. In addition to tinned meats, preserved vegetables, compressed tea, biscuits, cocoa, condensed milk, and all that, I have a quantity of meat-chocolate and other preparations of Bovril, including the curious 'Emergency Food' which was specially prepared for Nansen under Lord Playfair's personal supervision, and which I believe to be chemically perfect; and I have some of the Rose concentrated limejuice, of course. But look at these stoves, this one I designed myself—what do you think of it?"

It was a miracle of compactness. It contained the burner, oven, a shelf, frying-pan, kettle (with flues running up inside, to facilitate quick boiling), and a saucepan, and it only stood 18 in. high, and did not

exceed 10 in. in diameter. I have seen many portable stoves, but, honestly, never one so neat or compact or complete.

"And the fuel," Mr. Jackson went on, "is petroleum and methylated spirits—the latter 60 O.P., and freed from the mineral naphtha."

"Now let us come to the sledges."

"Well, that's a big matter. I have worried over these sledges for the past six months. This one, for example, is of English make, and, though I gave strict instructions as to lightness, it originally weighed about 40 lb.! However, by paring here and planing there, I have got it down to 25 lb.—still too heavy for a sledge about 9 ft. long and 20 in. wide. These two sledges here are Norwegian; they are perfect models, and similar to those taken by Nansen, though I think I have got a little ahead of Nansen on the point of lightness. Just lift that one."

I lifted.

"Only 17 lb.," said Mr. Jackson.

It was a beautiful sledge, very strong where the strain came, and made throughout with skill mixed with brains.

"This one is a Canadian toboggan sledge, shod with steel; I expect to find it very useful at times. Here, too, are the Canadian snow-shoes, which will come in usefully when the Norwegian ski fail—on broken and soft snow."

With regard to sledging, I should like to say here that it is Mr. Jackson's intention to get two or three men from that primitive race, the Samoyedes, to help him—the sledges are all one-man sledges—and from his intercourse with this people on the journey and at their settlement at Chubrova, in Arctic Russia, I am looking forward to some fresh anthropological information about that curious and little-known branch of the Eskimo.

After examining several cases of instruments, I asked Mr. Jackson how far he would tramp, and when we might expect him back.

"As I shall march northward through the two islands that make up Nova Zemlia, and endeavour to map as much of the interior as I can on my way, I do not expect to reach the mainland again till January. I shall then sledge across the frozen tundras into Siberia; how far I shall get will depend upon circumstances, but I shall have pulled my sledge about 1500 miles, I expect, when I have done, and then my plan is to sledge back to Archangel, and thence to St. Petersburg. I hope to be back in Old England by the middle of March—at any rate, you will hear from me again about that time."

A day or two later, returning from seeing Mr. Jackson start for his mid-winter journey in the Arctic, I reflected "zummut," as they say in Somerset, and, really, when one thinks of the care and ability shown in the preparation of his equipment, and of the rigour of the test which he has himself imposed, it is impossible to refrain from praising the plucky explorer, who selects himself as the *corpus vile* for experiment, in order to spare those who will accompany him next year. Such forethought deserves success, and I wish it him with all my heart; and no one, I think, with a proper jealousy for England's prestige as the mother of explorers, and especially of Arctic explorers, will fail to bid him God-speed, too, and wish him also a safe return.

A. M.

KITTY'S PROPOSAL.

SCENE: The Park in August.

Sir James. Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Sir James, stop! Do stop! I've been hurrying after you such a long way.

SIR J. Miss Kitty! Here! In London now!

KITTY (*panting*). Yes, why not? Sir James! Not shooting! And in London now!

SIR J. My dear little girl, an old man of forty sometimes has business affairs and serious money worries to see to.

KITTY. Oh, you needn't think I know nothing about business.

SIR J. (*laughing*). I forgot Miss Kitty was a little heiress now, and has her own money to look after.

KITTY. Yes; I have never seen you since—

SIR J. No; not for a month.

KITTY. Two months.

SIR J. Oh, indeed. Well, shall we sit down and make up for lost time now? First, take this chair, it's more comfortable. Now, why are you in London at this time of year?

KITTY. Well, you know, I let Mamma and Daisy commence their visiting without me, and as Parliament won't get its tiresome speeches over, I just stayed with Papa.

SIR J. Speeches, Kitty? That isn't all the governors of our country do.

KITTY. Well, they *do* talk a great deal, and get very little done. Don't you think so?

SIR J. But they—

KITTY. Have rows, use bad language, and smash each other's faces.

SIR J. My dear child—

KITTY. Oh, don't "dear child" me, I hate it! You are constantly reminding me that I'm the wrong side of twenty.

SIR J. The wrong side?

KITTY. Yes; it's so *bête* nowadays not to be over twenty. All interesting beautiful women are more than that. Then, *they* call me "dear child," and I could slap them.

SIR J. Oh, I see.

KITTY. And they talk Ibsen, so I—you won't tell?—read "Ghosts." And they talk Paul Bourget, so I bought "Mensonges," and De Maupassant, so I borrowed "Bel Ami" from a friend. Oh! if you knew how I loved "Bel Ami," and that nice little girl in the end who marries a man much older than herself.

SIR J. Really, Kitty, you take my breath away.

KITTY. It is *such* a relief to tell someone. It's no fun reading naughty books or smoking if no one knows.

SIR J. So you smoke?

KITTY. Of course. I'm not going to let people like Mrs. Bell crow over me.

SIR J. Mrs. Bell is a very old friend of mine. (*A pause*.)

KITTY (*sweetly*). Yes, a very *old* friend.

SIR J. You used not to be a spiteful little girl. Is this what your first season has done for you?

KITTY (*with tears in her eyes*). I don't care. She *is* old; you can't say she's young.

SIR J. And what else have you done?

KITTY. Oh, I discuss all sorts of things, like—like hypnotism, and philosophy, and Art, with a big "A," and Home Rule, only that's so stale now, and the immorality of the upper classes.

SIR J. Kitty!

KITTY. Well, we've run the lower classes dry. We have settled that they can't help being immoral—it's all a question of heredity. So, now we talk about the upper, and there, again, that glorious whitewasher heredity steps in.

SIR J. And so you play at the serious problems that are troubling older men and women. Come, Kitty, that isn't all I want to know; give me an account of your conquests this season, and tell me who is the favoured gentleman.

KITTY. Papa said you were going to dine with us to-night. Are you?

SIR J. Well, I offered to keep him company, as I imagined he was all alone. Can you put up with me, Miss Kitty?

KITTY. Of course you are coming.

SIR J. And the admirers?

KITTY. Oh, they're so tiresome.

SIR J. And you don't love any of them? I fear you have no heart.

KITTY. Yes, I have.

SIR J. Indeed!

KITTY. Only I gave it to someone who doesn't love me.

SIR J. You are not serious, child.

KITTY. Quite serious.

SIR J. Are you sure you love him?

KITTY. Quite sure.

SIR J. It is very nice of you to confide in me, but I wish—I mean I should so much like to see you happy. Why doesn't he—

KITTY. Oh, don't. My money frightens him, I suppose.

SIR J. Then he is poor like me?

KITTY. Yes, he is poor and proud, like you.

SIR J. He is a fool not to try, at least, and trust to your knowledge of him not to be misunderstood.

KITTY (*smiling through her tears*). Yes, he is a fool.

SIR J. I wish I knew him. Kitty, do you really love him?

KITTY. With all my heart and soul and life.

SIR J. What is he?

KITTY. Well, he isn't exactly anything.

SIR J. Oh, I see, a boy about town.

KITTY. No, he isn't a boy.

SIR J. Well, I mean I don't want to see you thrown away on one of the Batchelor Babies.

KITTY (*laughing*). Why, you're a Batchelor Baby yourself.

SIR J. Yes; a very old one, though.

KITTY. You are forty.

SIR J. I fear I am, Kitty.

KITTY. Well, he's forty.

SIR J. Oh, dear me! Don't go and waste your youth on—Why, you might as well marry me.

KITTY. So I might, only you didn't ask me.

SIR J. I shouldn't dare, you little goose. Why, you look on me as you look on your father. Besides, I'm poor, and you— (*Sighs*.)

KITTY. Yes; we said *he* was a fool.

SIR J. Oh! I see, so I'm a fool too. Why, Kitty, you little scamp, I believe you want the pleasure of refusing me. (*Kitty nods her head*.) A poor man who has idled his life away in a worthless fashion about town, who has wasted all he ever had of brains, and grown cynical and bored with everything, because fortune denied him what he was too lazy to put out his hand to reach. Shall I propose to the little heiress—the season's beauty—how shall I begin? Teach me, Kitty.

KITTY. You will tell me first that you love me. Only (*timidly*), don't say it unless it's true.

SIR J. (*bending over her*). What do you mean, dear? Don't play with me.

KITTY. I would like you to mean that.

SIR J. And if I asked you to be my wife?

KITTY. I don't think I should refuse you.

SIR J. Child—I fancied—I was too old.

KITTY. Yes, I told you that.

SIR J. Then I'm the man—

KITTY. Of course you are.

SIR J. Only you didn't tell me, Kitty, that *he* loved you.

KITTY. And does he?

C. S. G.

"SNAKES!"

A CHAT WITH MISS CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

Had I not had an early *penchant* for snakes (writes a *Sketch* interviewer), for we used to keep them in our lockers at school, I could not have failed to be fascinated by the interesting matter and the literary charm of



MISS HOPLEY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"Snakes: Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life" (from which our illustrations are taken), written a few years ago by Miss Catherine C. Hopley, one of our chief authorities on ophiology. For some little time I had looked forward to meeting this diligent student of a class of animals which, enveloped in a cloud of mystery, prejudice, ignorance, and awe, she has shown to be creatures of grace and objects for wonderment and admiration.

When I called upon Miss Hopley I found her drawing with her facile pencil a little stranger which had lately arrived from the Cape in a Scidlitz powder box—a tortoise, to wit—which a writer so lately as last century styled an "insect," because it laid eggs, forsooth! I was very glad to meet her, for I entertained the hope of being able from her own lips to supplement the information acquired from her careful treatise on serpent life.

"I hope you have grounds for thinking the world is not now quite so profoundly ignorant of the habits and powers of snakes as it used to be?"

"Well, I believe people are showing more interest, but it has been very uphill work. I had the greatest difficulty in getting any publisher to touch my work. My poor snakes were regarded as loathsome, venomous, and slimy creatures, subjects enough to give one the nightmare. Even when the celebrated action against Mr. and Mrs. Mann, of Chelsea, for keeping 'vipers, cobras, and puff adders' not only made them a fashionable topic of conversation, but proved, as shown by Frank Buckland, that there are many kinds which are quite innocuous and which make companionable pets, yet no one would put snakes

before the public in the pages of a book. People, I hope, no longer believe that snakes sting with their tongues, that their bodies are covered with slime, or even that an anaconda or boa constrictor can swallow a bullock."

"I believe you have given up many years to studying reptiles?"

"Oh, yes; nearly thirty years. My first introduction to them was in Virginia and Florida, where I was devoting myself to drawing, botanising, and in keeping mocking-birds, and others, whose habits I described in a popular manner under the title of 'Aunt Jenny's American Pets,' a book which obtained considerable notice."

"But why did you take up snakes?"

"Well, I found while I was in Virginia so much ignorance and uncertainty prevailing, even in a country abounding with them, and, besides, I had two or three rather narrow 'squeaks' of being bitten, so that I felt a desire to study the creatures thoroughly, especially as I inherited a love of staring with all my eyes at animated nature."

"And did you study them in their own swamps?"

"That would have been impossible. No; I came to London, and fluctuated for years between the British Museum and the Zoological Gardens, reading every work I could find, and sitting for hours on hours in the Reptile House in Regent's Park."

"I believe you dedicated your book to Sir Richard Owen?"

"Yes. I owed very much to him for explanations in comparative anatomy, and he was good enough to say that he read the 'Curiosities of Serpent Life' from cover to cover. Dr. Günther, Dr. Garnett, and Dr. Stradling also assisted me with valuable advice during my studies. You can have no idea how much there is to learn about the ways of snakes. The more knowledge one gains the more one is sensible of ignorance."

"Of course, within the narrow limits of a conversation, I cannot expect you to give me a dissertation on the peculiar anatomy of the head of a snake, the intricate construction of the rattle of a rattlesnake, the mobility of the teeth, and so on, but perhaps you will say something about the more popular topics, such as the tongue, for instance."

"Well, the tongue is a highly sensitive, bifurcated organ, something akin to the antennæ of insects. With it the snake explores its surroundings. No doubt, it frequently attracts birds, which probably often mistake it for a worm, and come down and investigate it, but I don't think it is used by snakes as a lure. One fact is quite certain, that they don't lick their food with their tongues, as has been ignorantly supposed."

"Now, as to venomous snakes, for, after all, they excite the most popular interest?"

"I suppose so. Well, only about one-fifth of all known snakes are venomous. Some naturalists think that those which possess poison fangs are an evolutionary product of the harmless snake. The venom is secreted in a little sac beneath the poison fang, and is ejected through a minute hole in the side of it. Each variety of venomous snake is endowed with a venom peculiar to its species. Here in this bottle you may see some venom in a half-crystallised condition. But though it was taken years ago it is just as potent as ever, and there is death in a single drop. It is the variety in the venom, though its general character consists of several constituents, that occasions the difficulty in finding an antidote."

"And is there no known antidote?"

"No; no proper antidote as such, but there are remedies. It makes a good deal of difference where you are bitten, whether on a bony portion of the body or in a highly venous part, where the circulation is more active. It is the blood-poisoning, preventing the oxygenation of the blood, which causes death. Permanganate of potash, the active principle



SOME INDIAN OPHIDIANS AT HOME.

of Condyl's Fluid, which throws off large quantities of oxygen, is the best remedy."

"How do you account for the great mortality in India from cobra bites?"

"Opinions differ. For my own part, I believe that many of the snakes are bred by the natives for the sake of the Government reward for dead snakes, and, therefore, they are allowed to multiply. This may account for their continued presence. Then you must bear in mind that the natives regard snakes as 'fetish'; they worship them, and when bitten they will rarely submit to European remedies, but have recourse to their native snake-charmers, who do nothing beyond prac-

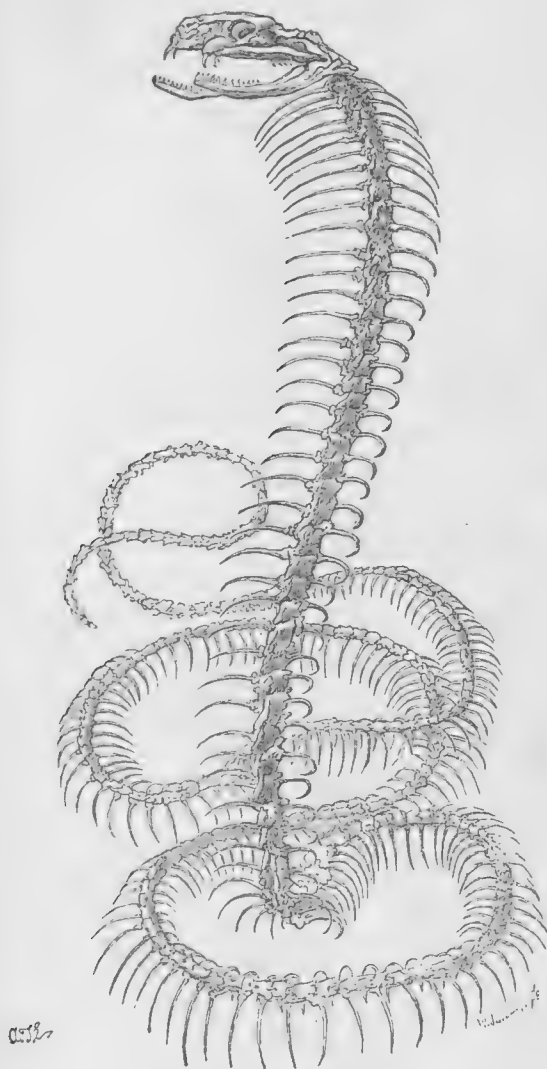
snakes have the faculty of independent constricting power in different parts of the body at the same time. The *Elaphis quater-radiatus*, or four-rayed snake, can tackle three or four bird victims at the same time. Some constricting snakes have extraordinary power. A racer, or *Coluber constrictor*, has, during a fight, been actually seen to tear a rattlesnake in two."

"Now tell me something about rattlesnakes."

"Well, they use their rattles, which sound just like the song of a grasshopper, when excited or angry; but these snakes never hiss. There are some others, also, that do not hiss. I daresay you may have seen last month in the *Globe* a number of letters on the suicidal powers and intentions of rattlesnakes by biting themselves, and that when they repent of their rashness they have recourse to a herbaceous plant as an antidote. Such stories are simply apocryphal. First, a rattlesnake may sometimes bite itself or its fellow with impunity as regards the effects of its venom, and, secondly, snakes cannot assimilate vegetable matter."

"I believe the *Anguis fragilis*, or slow-worm, is a great favourite of yours?"

"Oh, certainly. It has been credited with venomous powers, but it is perfectly harmless, in spite of Shakspeare, who, like the rest of the world,



SKELETON OF A COBRA.



A YOUNG BOA CONSTRICTOR HANGING FROM A BRANCH WATCHING THE SPARROWS.



THE SAME, HAVING WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS CAUGHT AND CONSTRICTED A SPARROW.

Drawn from life by the Authoress, Sept. 24, 1880.

tising incantations. Now, in Australia, if a native is bitten, say, on the finger, he will bravely chop it off with his knife, should no remedy be at hand."

"Have you been bitten?"

"No; the only unpleasant experience I have had was the constricting of the *Ptyas mucosus*, or Indian rat-snake, round my wrist, when I had taken one from its case in the Zoological Gardens. Some

was distressfully ignorant on the subject of snakes. As a matter of fact, the slow-worm is not a snake at all; it shows the rudimentary formation of legs and breastbone. It stands between the snake and the lizard, and that is why I called my special pet slow-worm 'Lizzie.' The great anaconda is, also, only an undeveloped lizard."

"When you speak of pets, do you consider snakes display any particular indications of affection?"

"No, I can't say that they do, unless it is parental affection. However, Holland, then their keeper at the 'Zoo,' declared that one boa decidedly recognised him after a considerable absence."

"Please tell me, Miss Hopley, if you believe in the sea-serpent."

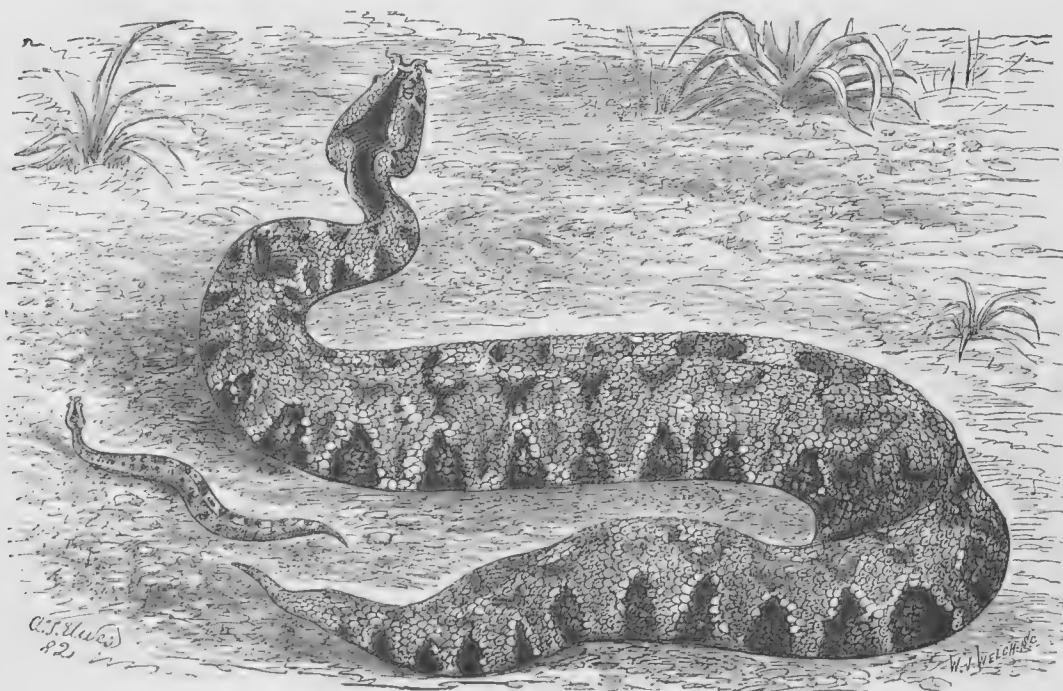
"No, I don't now. I won't say what I used to think; but Professor Owen quite convinced me that the fossil remains of such



SHOWING FORMS THE PTYAS MUCOSUS ASSUMES.

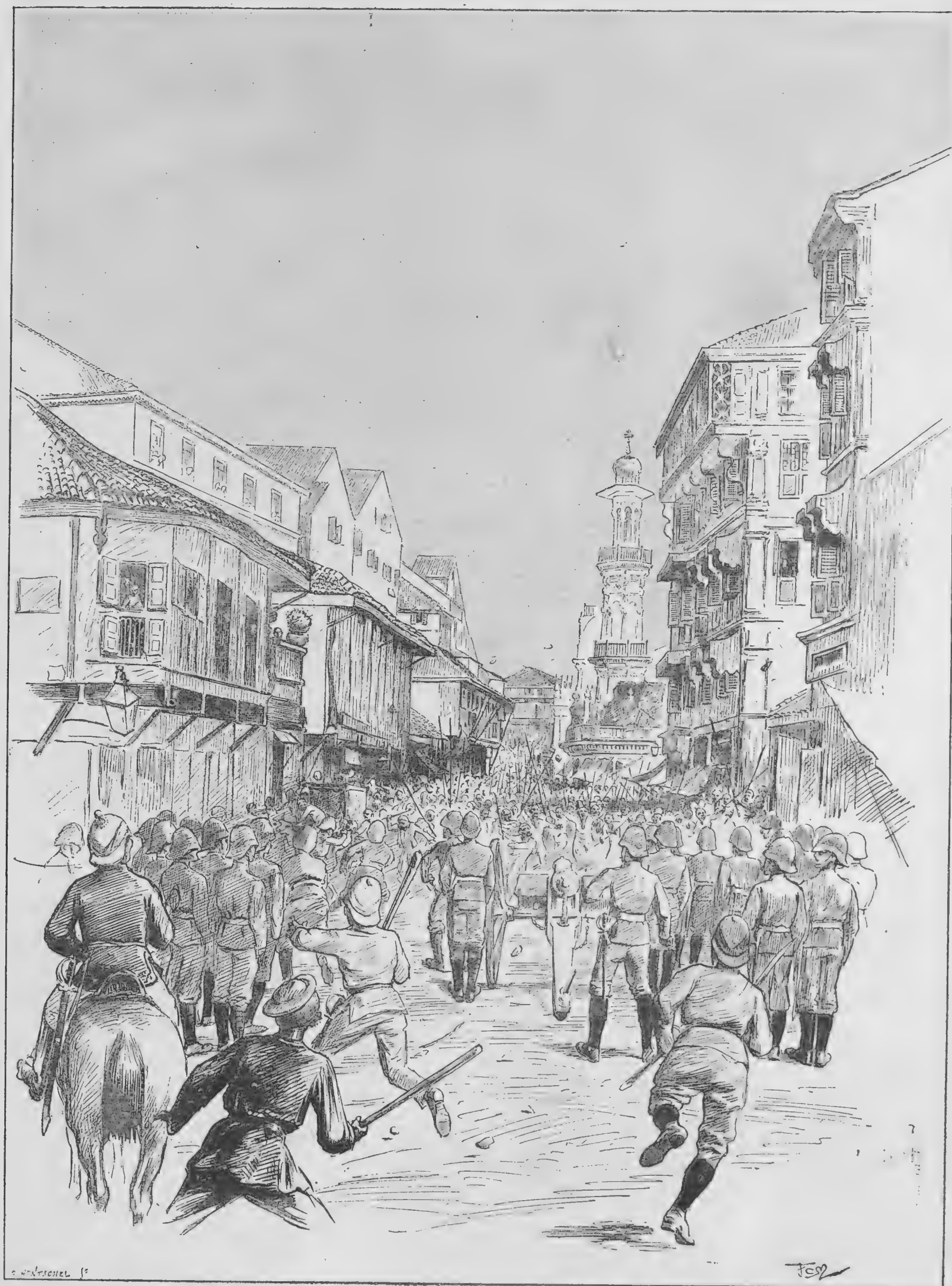
creatures, since they would not have been destroyed by the Flood, must have been found at some time or other if they ever existed."

"Well, I should have liked to have discussed with you the vexed questions respecting spitting snakes, whether snakes swallow their young for the sake of affording them protection, and whether snakes drink—I nearly said 'and swear'—but, Miss Hopley, I must not detain you longer. You may be sure that I shall greedily read your next letter to the *Globe*, to which you so often contribute items of interest on snakes"



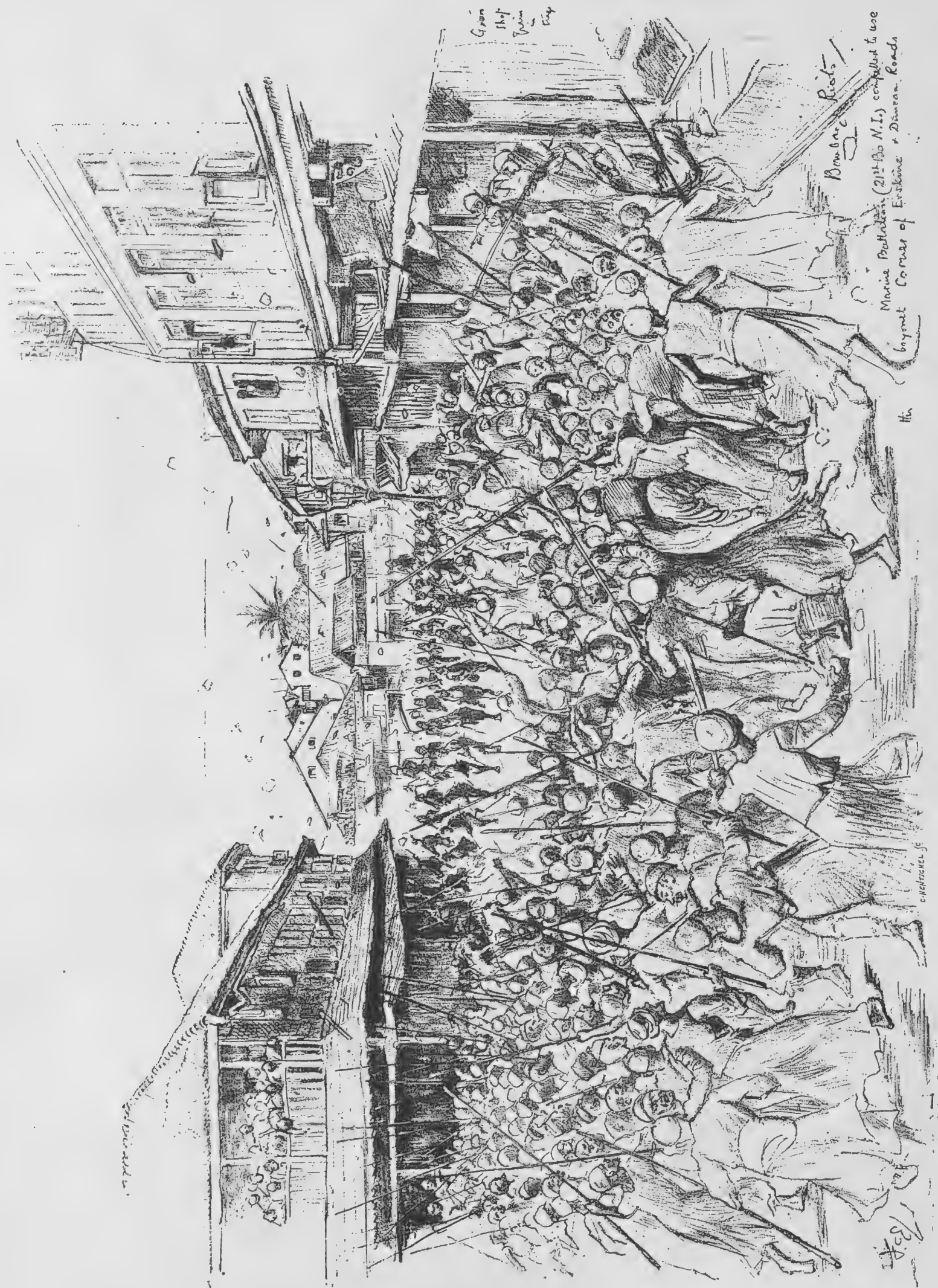
A VIPERA NASICORNIS AND YOUNG ONE: WEST AFRICA.

THE BOMBAY RIOTS.



THE ARTILLERY AT PYDHOWNEE.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. C. MACRAE, BOMBAY.



CHARGING THE MOB AT TWO TANKS.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. C. MACRAE, MCMBAY.

THE BOMBAY RIOTS.

ALL ABROAD.

Bombay will not readily forget the religious riots which it had to witness last month. Where Mussulman bigot and Hindu bigot dwell together there is always the risk of a collision, and yet for nearly twenty years Bombay has enjoyed profound peace. The present outbreak is traceable to several causes, chief among them being the agitation between the Mussulman and Hindu communities, consequent on the massacre of nearly a score of Hindus during the celebration of the Mohurram at Prabhas-Pattan in the Mohammedan State of Junaghur. The administration of the State is largely in the hands of Hindus, who are almost as five to two of the Mohammedan population in Bombay itself, and although every care was taken to secure a fair trial of the accused Mussulmans, the Durbar having asked for British officials to preside at the proceedings, the Mussulmans in Bombay professed fears that innocent men would be made to suffer. On the day before the outbreak (which occurred on Aug. 11) an influential meeting of Mussulman citizens met in Bombay to arrange for the legal defence of the accused. The Hindus, on their part, held open-air meetings almost every day, and memorialised the Government of Bombay to take measures to see that justice was done to the murderers. The immediate cause for the riot, however, was the noise of music and tom-toms, which seems a very ridiculous thing to the English mind. Friday, the Mohammedan weekly prayer-day, clashed with the Divassa holiday of the Hindus, who celebrated the festival by the music of bells and tom-toms in the neighbourhood of their temples. The Mohammedans, rightly or wrongly, construed this incident into an interruption to their prayers in their great mosque, the Jumma Musjid, which holds six thousand worshippers. Thoroughly aroused, the Mussulmans rushed from their mosque in the direction of a Hindu temple, but were intercepted by a handful of police.

This check simply served to fan the flame, and the riot spread with alarming rapidity through all parts of the city, and the rioters were out of the control of the police in a few hours. The military and naval forces and volunteers were at once called out, and with the utmost difficulty the outbreak was got under check in the main thoroughfares, but not until several temples and mosques had been wrecked, shops looted, and many lives lost. The military were several times called upon to fire on the rioters. One of the most distressing scenes was enacted at Two Tanks, at the corner of Erskine and Duncan Roads. This place was occupied by Mohammedans, who were warned by the troops, 21st Native Infantry, to disperse. The order was disregarded, so the soldiers charged. One man came right on the top of a bayonet and was killed on the spot. The seething mass pressed in on the bayonets and refused to give way. The Mohammedans defied the order and pelted stones at the soldiers, who in their self-defence fired at the mob. The Pydhowne Police Station was guarded by a body of artillery, while two guns and a howitzer were placed so as to command the road leading to the principal mosque in the locality. Dense crowds lined the streets, but dispersed when they saw the guns.

On Saturday the riots again broke out in a much worse form, and reinforcements of infantry, cavalry, and police were called for from Poona. Three thousand troops held the city on Sunday, when the rioters became alarmed by the large numbers that had been killed, wounded, and arrested, and they confined their attacks to outlying districts. On Monday there were a few murders and a series of minor disturbances, but by Tuesday the disorder was under complete control, and on Wednesday most of the business places reopened, and confidence was partially restored in the agitated city.

The terrible nature of the outbreak may be judged from the following figures, which are approximately correct:—70 killed, 700 wounded and removed to the hospitals, and 1500 prisoners. The temples and mosques destroyed by the rioters were not large, consequently the damage done was not very great. But the feelings of both the communities were much hurt on account of their religious susceptibilities, as the temples and mosques destroyed were held in very great veneration by the respective parties. The Hindus attacked several mosques, which were more or less damaged. Three temples were completely destroyed by the followers of Mohammed, and two small mosques were razed to the ground by the Hindus. The temple of Hanumanji met the worst fate. It was pulled down by the Mohammedans, and all the idols were broken to pieces. A small mosque, about 15 ft. in height and measuring 15 ft. by 10 ft. in length and breadth, containing about seven sepulchres, was pulled down. The mosque situated at Mangalwadi, Girgaum, which was a small structure, was burnt by the Hindu mill-hands. The musjid of Haji Jacob Jan Mohammed, situated at Jakeria Musjid, was the only large musjid attacked by the Hindus on Sunday. The monuments and furniture were destroyed. The Hindus tried to demolish the structure, but their attempts were futile, the strong masonry work resisting their efforts.

One of the most striking, and, perhaps, the saddest results of the recent disturbances is the flight of thousands of Hindus with their wives and families and personal effects from Bombay, so that they may escape from the danger of another outbreak of racial and sectarian bitterness. It is computed that on one day alone as many as ten thousand people migrated. Besides this emigration, a constant change of quarters within the city went on, the Mohammedans abandoning their homes in the northern parts of the city and other districts in which the Hindus predominate, and seeking shelter in the midst of their co-religionists.

The French threaten to apply the new law against foreigners with great rigour. British subjects number 36,000 all told, whereas there are 500,000 Belgians, 264,000 Italians, 100,000 Germans, 79,000 Spaniards, 78,000 Swiss, and 37,000 Dutch and Luxemburgians.

As British subjects form the largest social colony in France, and do not in the economic problem, it is being urged by the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris that a treaty might be negotiated by which this country might be more favourably dealt with than other European nations.

France has lost a good soldier in General de Miribel, Chief of the General Staff, who died last week at the age of sixty-two. His first experience of active service was in the Crimea, and he has since had a long and varied experience of different departments of his profession, becoming in the long run practically commander-in-chief. Among his most notable achievements was the strengthening of the eastern garrisons, the creation of Alpine troops, and the mobilisation organisation.

The Kaiser always furnishes one with good reading. When he was at the military manœuvres in Baden last week he declared that Germany, "once more equipped as a bulwark of defence, stands at the door of the triple of peace, not only of Europe, but of the whole world."

The miners of France and Belgium have thought the demand produced by the English coal strike a favourable opportunity for getting an increase in their own wages.

Dr. Koch has married the young actress, Fräulein Friedberg, who made him forget that he was already married. The young lady is said to be charming and accomplished, but not a great actress.

Home Rule difficulties are not a British monopoly. Norway is in the throes of a struggle, and in Prague the agitation in favour of the restoration of the Bohemian Constitution, and the coronation of the Emperor as the King of Bohemia, has gone so far, that the Austro-Hungarian Ministry, headed by Count Taaffe, has partially suspended constitutional rights. It is just fourteen years ago since a similar Czech demand was suppressed.

The mysterious disappearance of Herr Julius Bodnar, Councillor of the Hungarian Ministry of Commerce, has excited much comment at Budapest. He had been sent officially to the World's Fair, but on reaching the United States telegraphed home that the state of his health would prevent his going to Chicago. He apparently got safely back to Southampton, but after that all trace of him has been lost.

The Emperor of Austria has gone to Guns, in Hungary, to attend the military manœuvres being held there.

The observatory on the top of Mount Blanc has been finished at last, only the interior remaining incomplete. The workmen were very enthusiastic over the project, some of them remaining for twenty days without coming down. The extraordinarily favourable weather in August was an enormous help to those builders, whose work must have been so "frightfully thrilling."

A fearful mortality has occurred among Mecca pilgrims. Half of a 9000 contingent, who left Tunis for Mecca in May, have perished. A battalion of Turkish troops, who were sent to bury the dead, lost 500 of its 700 men during the ghastly task.

General Dodds is to form a column to follow up King Behanzin. The monarch's capture is by no means certain; but it may be possible to destroy two centres of his operations situated on the extreme line of the French territory.

Brazil still buzzes in rebellion. The rebel warships tried to capture the town of Niterohy, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, but were repulsed by the Government's Krupp guns, with a loss fifty-one men, while thirty others were injured. The President, however, controls the telegraph system, and little reliance can be placed on reports from the rowdy republic.

Japan, well to the front in most things, has supplied the world with an up-to-date sensational crime. On Feb. 22, 1892, Viscount Soma Masatane, the head of one of the great families of Japan, a man of immense wealth, and chieftain of a clan whose hereditary retainers were numbered by hundreds, died at a place near Tokio under circumstances which at first excited suspicions, and have since led to the institution of criminal proceedings against a number of persons of the highest note, including his younger brother, Viscount Soma Gun-in.

It appears that when the victim was at college, in 1874, he discovered a family plot to rob him; but the conspirators shut him up in the family prison on the ground that he was mad. There he remained till last year, when he was ordered to appear in court. His jailors, to prevent disclosures, had him removed to a house near Tokio, and there, on the morning of the day when he was to have appeared in court, poison was administered to him in his food.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

King Cricket is dead. Long live King Football! The words come out pat and plain enough, but there is no warmth behind them. In these beautiful autumn days I am not quite pleased to see cricket die, and my arms are not yet open for the icy monarch, in whose reign football flourishes.

Now that the first-class averages are out, we know exactly to the merest fraction of a run who are the princes of the land and who the best batsman or bowler of the year. Right at the top of the batting department stands the tall figure of Nottingham known as William Gunn. There is something fitting in the biggest cricketer in England occupying the premier position. Gunn has scored 2057 runs in fifty-one innings, and, being three times not out, his average stands at 42·85. Just one word about Gunn. Along with Arthur Shrewsbury, he is undoubtedly the most correct—call it scientific, if you will—batsman in the world. For several years he has been coquetting for premier position, and has generally been there or thereabouts, but the great Gunn has gone off with his loudest bang this season. Gunn, of course, belongs to what is now known as the Notts school of batsmen—slow, very slow, but sure. To look at him, with his long legs, great reach, and well-built frame, one would have imagined that Nature had formed him for a slogger, but if that be so he has treated her badly. His runs have probably been obtained at the rate of about twenty, or a little over, per hour. We must take our cricketers, however, as we find them, and, while thankful that we have a man that can defend his wicket with such skill, we are also glad that all cricketers are not Gunns.

Quite a different kind of man follows Gunn in order of merit. I refer to A. E. Stoddart, who is only beaten by Gunn by about half a run per innings. Stoddart's aggregate for the season (2072) exceeds that of Gunn, while he has played one innings fewer. But as the Middlesex amateur has only been once not out, his average is just a trifle under that of Gunn. There could hardly be a greater contrast in style than that of the Notts professional and the Middlesex amateur. Both are correct batsmen, but while the professional is painfully playing for his average Stoddart is hitting out joyously for his own pleasure and that of countless thousands. To see Stoddart well set on a good wicket is a sight for gods and men. One can see the graceful action, the undaunted pluck, the sure eye, the delicate wrist, the powerful play of the muscles, combined in something like perfection in the Middlesex amateur. The present season is far and away the best Stoddart has ever had.

Not unlike Stoddart, only with a freer, if less accurate, style, is F. S. Jackson, who comes third on the batting list. He has proved himself the most dashing batsman and the best all-round cricketer in England this year. A merry hitter is the old Cantab, who no longer will represent his Varsity. Next season he will probably play regularly for Yorkshire.

When the averages are reckoned up, Shrewsbury and W. G., if not actually at the top, are never far away from it. Shrewsbury follows Jackson with an average of 40·66, and he is only separated from W. G. by the Rev. W. Rashleigh, whose batting has been the chief feature of Kent cricket. W. G., with his fifty completed innings, has scored 1609 runs, and, being five times not out, he has the magnificent average of 35·75.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the averages is that among the first twenty-six men on the list twenty are amateurs and only six professionals, which shows that the game is still a power among those who play for sport and not gain. Amateur batting was, probably, never at such a high-water mark as it is now, and it is really to be regretted that the unpaid player cannot show the same results in bowling.

Among the first seventeen bowlers are only two amateurs—C. M. Wells and C. J. Kortright. The former, who will probably play for Surrey next season, takes fourth place with 73 wickets for 14·57. Kortright has been rather variable in his form, at one time being perfectly irresistible and at another perfectly helpless. The Essex amateur is supposed to be the fastest bowler the world has seen.

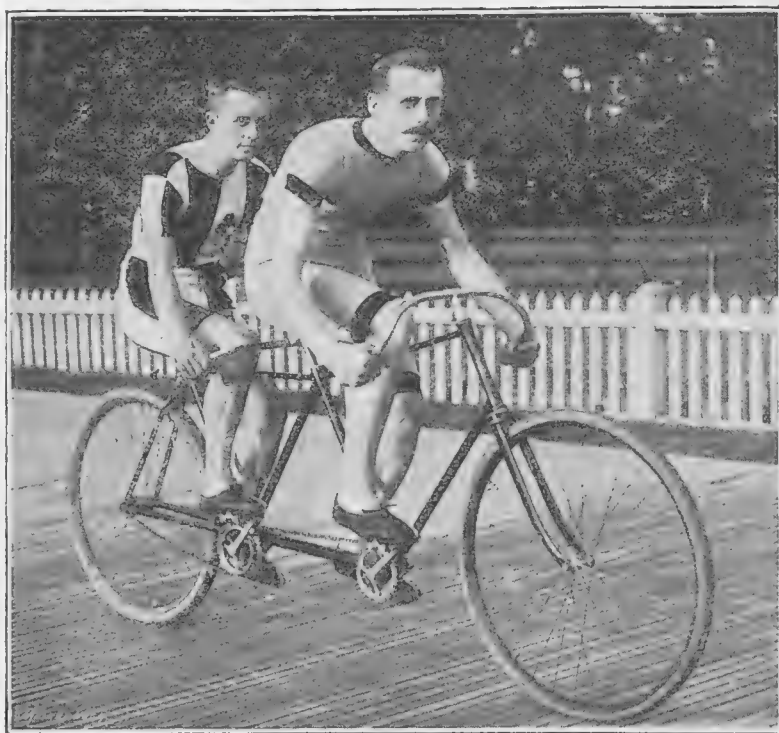
W. Hearne is nominally at the top of the bowling averages with 46 wickets and an average of 11·84. He is followed by Mead, whose 26 wickets cost 13·38. Undoubtedly, however, Peel's performance is better than either of those when he shows 121 wickets for 14·53. Hirst comes out remarkably well, and so do Wainwright, Brockwell, and Richardson, in the order named. The latter has captured 174 wickets for an average of 15·40. Briggs takes an excellent place with 166 wickets at a cost of 15·89; but the man who has done by far the most work and, in my opinion, met with greatest success is J. T. Hearne, whose 212 wickets were captured for 16·47 each.

One of the curiosities of the cricket season is that Yorkshire, the champion county, has scored fewer runs than any other, as the following table shows—

County.	Total runs.	Average per match.
Middlesex	6193	387
Sussex	5907	369
Notts	5866	366
Somerset	5184	321
Lancashire	5018	315
Kent	5048	315
Gloucester	4740	296
Surrey	4700	294
Yorkshire	4473	280

CYCLING.

Congratulations to A. W. Harris on winning the Surrey Cup for the third time. The trophy now becomes his absolute property, and by winning it outright he has earned for himself a place among the immortals. Not only did he win the cup, but he beat the grass record by covering ten miles in 27 min. 23 4-5 sec. Rather a novel feature of



MERRY AND OSMOND.

Photo by R. Thomas, Cheapside.

the programme was the tandem bicycle race, an event which has never previously been held on a grass track. Merry and Osmond never experienced any trouble from the other four starters, and in the end achieved an easy victory by 100 yards.

FOOTBALL.

So far, Sunderland has not justified the hopes of their many supporters. Their first two League matches, one at home and the other away, ended in drawn games. This is by no means championship form. Sunderland, to retain her position, must win all home matches and lose very few away. Next Saturday they will have an opportunity at home of defeating Sheffield Wednesday. The Everton club is the most expensive organisation in the country. Only the other day, the transference of a new player, Southworth, from the Blackburn Rovers cost Everton something like £300. It is doubtful whether any man is worth such a sum to any club, and in this instance Everton has certainly paid far too much for their new protégé. Next Saturday they meet Aston Villa away, and with little hope of winning.

Bolton Wanderers are due at Sheffield on Saturday, where they will play the United. Although the latter are new to first League honours, they will probably thrash their guests. Burnley have been doing remarkably well this year, and it would surprise no one were they to invade West Bromwich and beat the Albionites on Saturday. Poor Darwen have been unlucky this season, and they are not likely to improve their record when they meet North End at Preston. Derby County is the surprise packet of the League, and the chances are that they will more than hold their own against Stoke next Saturday. Newton Heath have shown better form this year, and may just hold their own against Notts Forest on Saturday.

Blackburn Rovers will be at home next Saturday to Wolverhampton Wanderers. Contrary to all precedent, the Rovers have begun the season in splendid style. Their usual plan is to lose the first half-dozen matches, then begin to draw, and afterwards win the majority of their engagements. Up to date, the Rovers have only lost one match.

AQUATICS.

Never has the natatory art flourished as it does to-day. Every time when champions like Nuttall or J. H. Tyers enter the water records are bound to go. Londoners will have another opportunity of seeing Tyers next Saturday, when he will take a place in the quarter-mile race, open to all amateurs, at Captain Boyton's Water Show. The race will be held under A.A.S. laws, and a splendid silver challenge cup will constitute the first prize.

OLYMPIAN.

SISTERS AIMÉE AND LUCY.

A CHAT WITH MISS ROSE BLENERHASSETT AND
MISS LUCY SLEEMAN.

"And how does civilisation feel after Central Africa?" I asked my heroic hostesses (writes a *Sketch* representative), as we settled comfortably to lunch at their hotel.

"Well, after all," said Miss Blenerhassett, true to her character of self-abnegation, "if you cannot have mayonnaise, 'mealies' and 'cookies'



Photo by J. Weston and Son, Grand Parade, St. Leonards.

MISS ROSE ANNIE BLENERHASSETT AND MISS LUCY SLEEMAN.

answer sufficiently well. Sister Lucy, there, is great at bread-making, and manipulates 'oofoo' (Kaffir meal) with Kaffir beer into most eatable rolls, I assure you."

"But tell me all about this wonderful walk you both accomplished in getting up the country. How many miles did you tramp altogether?"

"One hundred and ninety. It's easily counted up now that it is over, but I assure you that every step was laboured through. It was bad enough going up the Pungwē River in a boat so tiny that we had to sit close against the boiler, with a temperature of something over 100 in the shade as well, but that was a trifle to what came after."

"Horrible enough, though. Were there many crocodiles?"

"I should think so. Sticklebacks at Goring never mustered stronger."

"How long did this broiling experience last?"

"We had seventy miles of it. And, oh! how glad we were to leave that boat and arrive at M'panda's."

"That was the camp?"

"Yes. There were about forty white people there, miners and traders, and a more unhealthy pioneer settlement one could not find—set down, as it was, beside a stagnant pool. Our hands were soon full of nursing, and all the time we were waiting and longing for carriers to take us up to Umtali, but they never came."

"You had a Bishop in the party, Dr. Knight Bruce?"

"Oh, yes. But he had gone on before in a wagon, and sent down letters asking us to bring him up stores. We couldn't take as much as he wanted, however, for we, perforce, decided to walk to Umtali, you see, and that was 190 miles, chiefly through veldt."

"Heavens! And you did it?"

"Yes. What could we do? There were no wagons to be had. Dr. Doyle Granville came, too. I really think that walk killed him. Poor Mr. Sutton also, son of the Archdeacon of Lewes—he, too, is dead. Then we had nearly forty carriers for the stores and baggage. But, alas!

on the tenth day of our toilsome journey they ran away, leaving us only four native boys, and we were still four days from Umtali, our goal."

"That was cheerful! What did you do?"

"Pushed on, of course—we two nurses, with Dr. Doyle Granville and three Kaffir boys, leaving poor Mr. Sutton with one boy to guard the stores, and promising to send back carriers on our arrival with all speed. Oh, that time! We had no tent, very little food, and would you like to know how we were dressed?"

"More than much. No Paris millinery, I fear?"

"No, indeed! From boot to knee we had 'putties'—that is, bandages wrapped round the leg from ankle to knee—strong skirts well above the boots, men's coloured flannel shirts—"

"Yes, dear," interposed Miss Sleeman, "but we gathered them on the shoulders, and they really looked quite nice after that."

"Wide-brimmed grey felt hat," continued Miss Blenerhassett, "with dark blue handkerchiefs as trimming, thick gloves and sticks. I can recommend this style for bush travelling. It was entirely comfortable."

"Wonderful young women, truly. I marvel you were not eaten up by lions on the way."

"They were near enough at times. The ground used positively to shake with their roaring at night, when they had made a square meal of some hapless animal."

"Were they ever near you?"

"Quite close often. We used to hear that strange grunting sound they make when on the prowl for food just outside the tent some nights. It was creepy. But our fires kept them off."

"And Mr. Sutton?"

"Alas! we cannot bear to think what has become of him."

"How did you finally get to Umtali after all this?"

"That last four days seemed the hardest of all, for we had to cross such a dreadful bog. We each sat on two boys' shoulders, clutching their little woolly heads, while they sometimes sank up to their necks in the mud. It was worse even than the burning sand we had to cross in the first days, or the hopeless tangle of veldt through which we struggled later on. And to cap all our woes," said Miss Sleeman, "Sister Aimée fell ill, and the doctor and I had literally to drag her on quite twenty miles, until we reached the camp at last, while all the time she was in a fever."

"What an experience! How glad they must have been to see you at last."

"Yes; the men were very good to us and cried our feat to the skies. We were the first white women, you know, who had ever got up there."

"How long did you remain?"

"Two years. There was very little nursing at first, but later we had our hands full."

"And the journey home?"

"Ah, *quel différence!* A capital road for our carriers, who took us through the forests in hammocks, then a luxurious railway to M'panda's, and steam launches on the Pungwē. Truly, the Chartered Company have not been idle."

"One other word. Is there much gold in Manicaland?"

"Yes; it is honeycombed with ore. They say out there, you know, that it is the Ophir of the ancients, and the miners constantly come on old cuttings—most scientifically made."

They met M. Selous up country, and they give a most interesting account of his travels, his collections, as well as his various kindnesses to them in the shape of jam, biscuits, and so forth, which seemed veritable nectar and ambrosia in the heart of an African pioneer camp.

I left them in a whirl of mixed impressions. Two refined, delicate women to have gone through such unheard of hardships in the great cause of humanity—ministering angels, truly! None the less that they have brought home intact, for all the hard work, white hands and spotless complexions.

ARISTOCRATIC TRADESFOLK.

The "hupper suckles," as Mr. Yellowplush would say, have taken to the shop as ducks take to water. We all remember

That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,

The Duke of Plaza Toro.

His taste for trade may be thought to have been overdone in Mr. Gilbert's topsy-turvydom. But the librettist in this case is no such romancer. It is announced that Count Taaffe, the Prime Minister of Austria, has blossomed forth as a tradesman, and is reaping a handsome profit from the sale at the capital of the little Ellischau cheeses which are made on his estates. In this he is merely following the example of many other Austrian, German, and English nobles. Thus, for instance, Count Harrach, who was one of the most intimate friends of the late Crown Prince, and who bears one of the most ancient and illustrious names in the empire, derives the major part of his income from the manufacture of Bohemian glass. The Princes of Schwartzberg are great brewers. The Princes of Lobkowitz have their grand old name figuring on boxes of patent medicine, notably of pastilles, while much of the antagonism of Prince Bismarck to the economic policy of the present German Government is said to be due to the fact that he is no longer able to sell his agricultural produce, his paper, and his timber at such good prices as in former times.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The new "Colonial Party" in Parliament is being boomed. The Agent-General for Western Australia says, however, that until the Australian Colonies are more closely connected and are under a Federal Government little good can be done. He suggests that the Agents-General, with the consent of their respective colonies, should get seats in the House of Commons.

The Agent-General for New Zealand insists on the necessity for a party programme, and he sets down fourteen issues that might be taken up, dealing with a host of questions, from defence down to duties.

The principles of Australian Federation have just been enthusiastically endorsed at a public meeting in Melbourne.

Australian wines are gaining in popularity in this country, the import during the past eight months, 370,248 gallons, having shown an increase of 131,730 gallons over the corresponding period last year.

The import of gold from Australia has gradually returned to its old position, after the relaxation following on the financial crisis. Specie to the amount of £440,000 is now on its way to England from Melbourne.

The retrenchment policy adopted by Victoria is telling heavily on railway employes, who are said to be between the devil and the deep sea. If they get into debt they are dismissed, and they do not get sufficient wages to enable them to keep out of it.

Lady Duff is taking a warm interest in a scheme for promoting silk culture in New South Wales as a source of revenue to the colony, and as affording employment for women.

A sketch of Western Australia has been issued by an estate agent in Melbourne. In a bit of showman English, we are told that here a man "may found for his family a home worthy of a prince, and acquire for his posterity a power and place in the land which millions in the old world sigh in vain for. Here in the glorious freedom of a new land, rich in resources almost beyond description, he may enjoy liberties, which enthusiasts of the older civilisation dream of and hope for, but which will never be realised in their day on their side of the ocean."

There are some interesting reminiscences of early Melbourne, and a curious account is given of a performance of "Hamlet" in 1852. The audience treated the whole thing with good-humoured fun. One was so impressed by the King that he handed the stage monarch a bottle of brandy by the thong of a stock-whip from the gallery. The third act was transformed into a most amusing colloquy between the grave-digger and the gold-diggers from Eaglehawk, made up of mutual inquiries about the depth of sinking and the return per tub, which so tickled Hamlet that he gave up the soliloquy and joined in the joking. Ultimately, Hamlet, Ophelia, and the Ghost, in undress, were obliged to appear before the footlights to bear a pelting shower of nuggets, a substitute for bouquets.

The Homestead Bill, just introduced by the Government of the colony, proposes to give a free grant of land to any person who is the head of a family or a man not under eighteen years of age, the grant not to exceed 140 acres. The conditions are residence, fencing, and improvements—substantially the same as those in the Bill which was laid aside last session. There is, however, no provision for monetary assistance.

The Indian cantonments question is exhaustively dealt with in the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the subject. A majority of the committee express the opinion that the intention of the

House of Commons resolution of 1888 has not been fulfilled. Lord Roberts has apologised to the two American lady missionaries whose charges against the authorities he denied, and whom he now finds to have been correct in the main.

Better harvests, and the consequent easier prices of food grains, have diminished the number of crimes in the North-West Provinces of India during the past official year.

Coming, as it has done, so close on the news of the assassination of Emin Pasha, the premature death of one of his relievers, Surgeon-Major Parke, has a doubly sad significance. Surgeon-Major Parke served with much distinction in the Nile Expedition. He was principal medical officer in the advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's force from Abu Klea to Metamneh, and thence in the heroic attempt to relieve General Gordon by river steamers under Lord Charles Berosford; but his chance as an explorer came when he joined the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, under Mr. Stanley. Of the nine officers of that expedition four alone remain.

Mr. Stanley is not the man to give himself away, yet he has spoken of Surgeon-Major Parke as "the rarest doctor in the world. No country in Europe can produce his equal in my opinion. There may be many more learned perhaps, more skilful, older or younger, as the case may be, but the best of them have something to learn from our doctor. He is such a combination of sweetness and simplicity, so unostentatious, so genuinely unobtrusive. We are all bound to him with cords of love."

No better proof of the gentleness of his character could be got than the attachment of a pigmy girl—whose portrait by the side of Dr. Parke is reproduced here from the latter's "Experiences in Equatorial Africa"—showed for him. "The little thing," says Mr. Stanley, "had performed devoted service to Surgeon Parke, who had quite won her heart with the soft, gentle tones that made everybody smile affectionately on the doctor."

His services to the literature of Africa were very valuable, ending only this year with a "Guide to Health in Africa," to which Mr. Stanley wrote a preface, in which he expressed great surprise at "Surgeon-Major Parke, who performed such splendid service in Africa, should have remained to this day so little appreciated by the Government he serves and the service which he adorns."

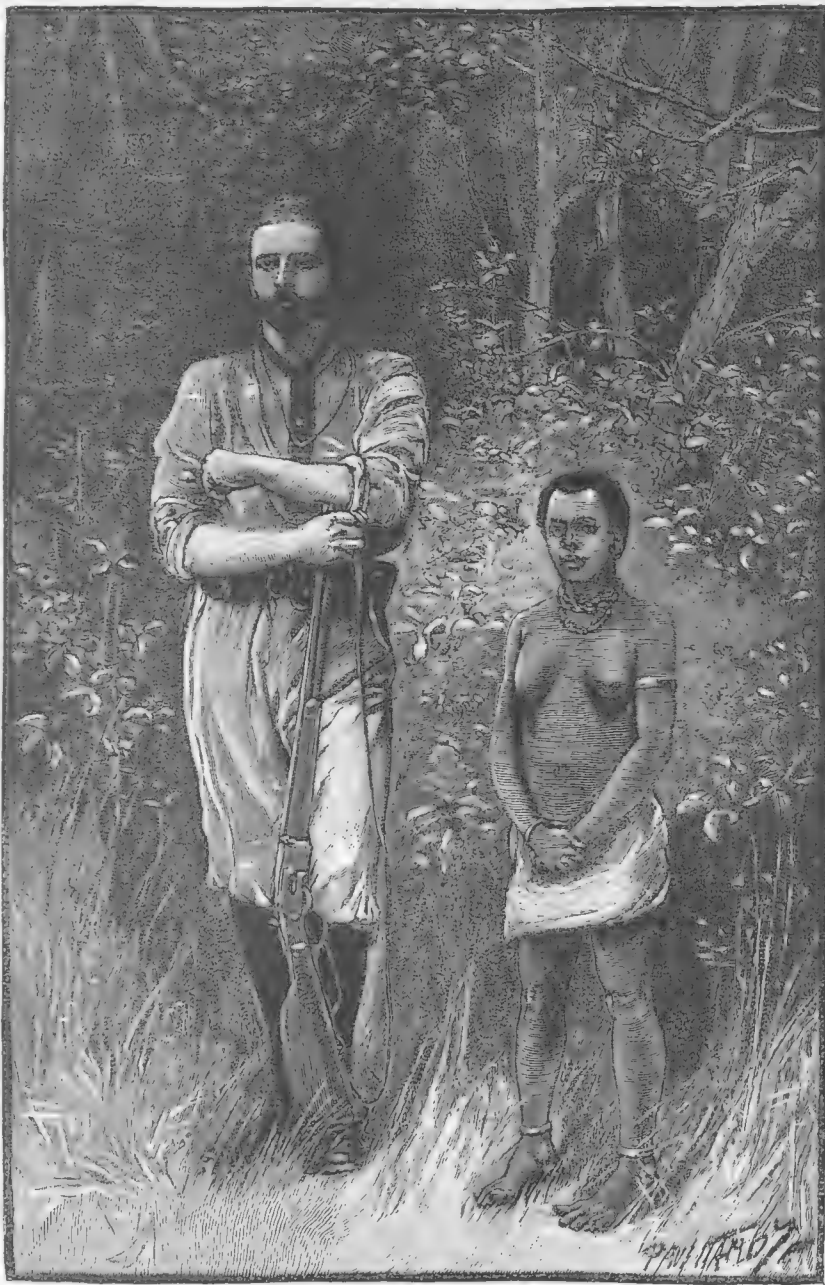
A Mohammedan rising in Uganda, under Selim Bey, a colonel of the Soudanese troops, has promptly been suppressed.

Selim Bey was taken prisoner, but died on the way to the coast. It is expected that Sir Gerald Portal will reach the coast early next month.

Selim, by-the-way, impressed Mr. Stanley rather favourably on the whole. "I am rather inclined to like him," he said. "The malignant and deadly conspirator is always lean. I read in this man's face indolence, a tendency to pet his animalism. He is a man to be led, not to conspire."

Sir John Thompson, the Premier of Canada, got a great reception at a public meeting in Montreal last week over the Behring Sea decision. He declared that the Government had decided to make a complete revision of the tariff, which, in some instances, would mean a reduction in the duties.

The dames of the Dominion are great workers. The recent census shows that no work is too hard for them. Besides being Government officials, college professors, theatre managers, and stenographers, they are found to be pursuing the business of gardeners, composers, confectioners, and fish-curers. The marriage rate is consequently decreasing.



DR. PARKE AND THE PIGMY GIRL.

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON

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LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

(See page 430.)

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Back to the House of Commons again this week, but not for very long. We now fairly have the end in view. This number of *The Sketch* will not have been in the hands of its readers many days before the over-worked legislators, now considerably reduced in numbers, will really be off for their official holiday. But even then they will only be having about a month or five weeks. Within a month! Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears (of passion against the House of Lords and well-feigned regret for the Home Rule Bill, *bien entendu*) has left the flushing in the gallant Radical eyes—Frailty, thy name is Radical!—they will be back again at work over Employers' Liability and Parish Councils, and anything else that can be stuffed into the six or seven weeks before Christmas. It is funny, is it not? to hear all the talk about the Peers having flouted the democracy by killing the Home Rule Bill, which the House of Commons had first gagged for that purpose. If it was really so, would not Mr. Gladstone and his merry men be off to the country in a twinkling in order to wreak the wrath of the democracy upon these aristocrats? That is how November ought really to be employed at the polls. And if Demos really were aggravated beyond endurance, what easy work it would be for the democrats! They would have no bother about the Irish vote; they would have a thumping British majority behind their backs, and all the various items of the Newcastle Programme (including the abolition of the monarchy and aristocracy) could be run through Parliament with the celerity of a South American revolution—"instead of which," the unfortunate legislators (on both sides, worse luck!) have to come back in November, to begin the game of contention again.

SUPPLY.

Meanwhile, I ought to speak this week about the magnificent way in which the loyal Commons have been voting the necessary moneys for her Majesty's Army and Navy and Civil Service, and all the rest of the business which goes under the name of Supply. But, whatever may be the nature of that Supply, it does not do much in the way of supplying me with subjects to write about. The only way to make Supply interesting is to turn it into questions of personal criticism, although I am bound to say that at least one such topic has been given me in the discussion over the Duke of Connaught, but that question had really been quite sufficiently talked about before. The long and the short of it is that the Duke of Cambridge appointed the Duke of Connaught to Aldershot, and that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman sanctioned it. From a military point of view I think the War Minister was wrong. He could have had Lord Roberts for the post, and Lord Roberts, I think, would have been a better man. At the same time, Mr. Dalziel's and Mr. Morton's criticism of the Duke of Connaught, on the ground of his royalty and his own military service, was both underbred and ignorant. The point is, not that the Duke was incapable, but that he is less capable than Lord Roberts. But, besides that, I certainly think that our royal dukes are eminently fit persons for high appointments in the services, simply for the social—an exceedingly important—side of the matter. And as to Lord Roberts, it is whispered that it was just something not quite acceptable in the social aspect of his appointment to Aldershot that turned the scale against him.

SCOTCH AND WATER.

All Wednesday was a little present to the Scotch members. And they, too, had their personal question. After the strictly Scotch business of the Secretary's salary had been safely swallowed, a little water was added in the shape of the Fishery Board and its chairman's irregularities. Quite right, in Highland fashion, to take the water *after* the whisky. Mr. Esslemont, it appears, had been making a political speech. Very wrong, of course, this of an ex-member of the House of Commons. As Esslemont had just taken a snug berth from his amiable chief, he ought to have subsided into private life. However, Mr. Marjoribanks, the genial Liberal Whip, kindly got up and said that he had given Mr. Esslemont special leave to make a speech in his own defence merely. After this there was no more to be said. If Mr. Marjoribanks had authorised the chairman of the Fisheries Board to stand on his head, that proceeding would then have been perfectly proper, of course. So the Liberal Whip had his share in pouring the cold water.

MR. MORLEY ON IRELAND.

After the Scotch, a little Irish. But so late as this no one had much heart to go for Mr. Morley very severely. We have whipped the Government over Home Rule, so why badger them over their continued use of anti-Home Rule methods? Still, it is odd to find Mr. Morley gravely avowing, in answer to Mr. Balfour and Mr. T. W. Russell, that he has had to proclaim meetings, and so on, just like in the good old times of the "Coercionist" régime. What most of us Unionists want to know, however, is what is to happen in Ireland during the winter? This is the serious side of the matter, and it was not much touched on last week. The situation is that the evicted tenants' agitation will soon be beginning, and, with Home Rule rejected, the crimes in Clare and other disturbed parts are sure to increase. What will Mr. Morley do? He can do nothing but use the criminal law or resign. It is not so easy for the Government to defy the House of Lords and go on as if Home Rule were still feasible. There may be trouble in Ireland yet, but I do not see how the Government can live through it. That is another reason why Mr. Gladstone ought to have dissolved, in his own interest.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The great game of the session was played out when the House of Lords, with a demonstration of arrogant power which they may yet rue, threw out the Home Rule Bill on Friday night, the 8th. There was a complete absence of dramatic quality in the death-bed scene of that one offspring of an otherwise wasted session. The event had been discounted beforehand. Everyone knew what the Lords were going to do, and the only question from the beginning was one of vulgar quantity, of the number of peers with already fixed opinions who could be scraped together from the ends of the earth by the energy of the Opposition Whips. Let me give them every credit. The Whips did remarkably well. From the tropics and the frigid zone, from Carlton Place, Athabasca, and the Zambesi, they gathered in their serried ranks, four deep, behind Lord Salisbury. Some came from sick-beds, some, it is said, even from lunatic asylums; others tottered into London from their remote hermitages, unknown and forgotten, dressed in the style of a past age, breathing the ancient saws of the mid-century, bound together only by the common purpose of discomfiting Mr. Gladstone. "Drive me to the House of Lords," said a noble lord to a cabman outside Euston on Friday night; "I do not know where it is, and I have never been there in my life, but they tell me I've got to vote against Mr. Gladstone." That is the heroic bond of our otherwise devoted aristocracy. 419 to 41—Yes, it was a glorious victory, and, true to Mr. Disraeli's description, the House of Lords has been cackling over it ever since, like a hen that has laid a very large egg. But very large eggs, I believe, are not always signs of health in hens.

THE BURDEN OF SUPPLY.

The House of Commons is now calmly working its way through the votes in Supply. These votes include every topic with which the State is yet concerned, from cholera and rabies down to the wages of Woolwich Arsenal men and the servants in the House of Lords. But except for an amusing little defeat which the Government incurred over a vote for the salaries of the officials in the House of Lords on the very night when the august assembly was engaged in destroying the favourite Bill of the very Government that was defending them in the Lower House—such are the paradoxes of political life—discussions in Supply have been portentously and invariably uneventful.

THE CONNAUGHT JOB.

There are too many subjects on which it would be ill-advised of the Government to shirk discussion. For instance, the debates on the "Cordite scandal" and the "Connaught job," as the Government critics have named them, have served to clear up a great deal of misunderstanding, and have virtually given Mr. Campbell-Bannerman a fresh lease of life as a Minister. For myself, I do not pretend to be satisfied with Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's reply on the Connaught question. The Duke of Connaught, indeed, is, for a royal duke, a comparatively competent soldier, and his appointment is not to be compared with the standing scandal of the Duke of Cambridge being the Commander-in-Chief. But, competent as the Duke of Connaught is, he cannot be compared to Lord Roberts, and the real case against Mr. Campbell-Bannerman—which he evaded by a great show of indignation at the mention of Lord Roberts's name—is that the Duke of Connaught was preferred in this appointment to Lord Roberts himself.

IRISH BUSINESS AGAIN.

There is little else to record. The younger Ministers have been using their chances well, Mr. Herbert Gardner putting his case very fairly on the agricultural vote on Saturday last, and Sir George Trevelyan pushing through his Scotch votes on Thursday with very valiant despatch. There was a slight revival of the Irish business over the Irish votes on Thursday night, under the fanatical leadership of Mr. T. W. Russell.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

As to the work which the Government will be able to do before the end of the session, I fear that it is scarcely possible for them to pass any other Bill of any consequence. The irreconcilable attitude of the Opposition in general, and of Mr. Goschen in particular, on the Equalisation of Rates Bill has lost to London what might have been a most useful little measure. They have secured the second reading of the Merchant Shipping Consolidation Bill, and referred it to a select committee to be passed through its official stages in the autumn. One or two tender little Bills of a peculiarly harmless type may be thrust through in the late hours of the night during next week, but I fear that for all practical purposes the legislative record of these sittings must be recorded as closed, and we must live in hope for the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill.

GOOD HOPES FOR THE AUTUMN.

The prospects of these two measures are distinctly improving. The *Times* has intimated that they will be regarded as non-controversial by the Opposition, and that the House of Lords will show the true nature of its patriotism by passing them into law. For the country at large this is good news, but from a party point of view probably the best thing that could happen for the Government would be the rejection of one of their great English measures by the House of Lords. It is to the attitude of the House of Lords on Betterment and Home Rule that both London and Ireland are ripe for an agitation against the Upper Chamber. All that is required for the overwhelming success of the Liberals at the next election is that Scotland and England and Wales should be placed in the same position.

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Who Sell it? The principal wholesale houses and the BEST Drapers everywhere.

EDWARDS'

HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

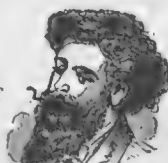
WORLD-RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER AND
RESTORER.



Prevents the Hair falling off and turning grey.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Hair and Beard.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY FOR
BALDNESS.



For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour, it is without a rival.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless, and devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

IN THE HOLIDAY SEASON
THE LADY'S GREATEST FRIEND IS



“ZOELIA”

a little of which should be applied to the Hair before using the Curling Irons, and which

KEEPS the HAIR in CURL at the SEASIDE.
in CURL after BATHING.
in CURL on the RIVER.
the HAIR in CURL in HOT WEATHER.
the HAIR in CURL in DAMP WEATHER.
the HAIR in CURL when DRIVING.
the HAIR in CURL EVERYWHERE.
KEEPS the HAIR in CURL UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

ZOELIA is the only perfumed preparation which KEEPS THE HAIR IN CURL, and at the same time is HARMLESS, ECONOMICAL, Free from GUM and GREASE, and is always effective.

Bottles 1/- and 2/6 of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c., or direct for 1/3 and 2/6 from

LATOUR ET CIE'S DÉPÔTS.

LONDON: 76, New Bond St., W. PARIS: Rue de la Paix, 5.



Large 4/6 Bottles of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, &c., or direct from

LATOUR ET CIE.,

London: 76, BOND STREET, W.

European Depot. Paris: RUE DE LA PAIX, 5.

“SANITAS” KILLS ALL DISEASE GERMS.



“SANITAS” is Non-poisonous, Fragrant,
AND
DOES NOT STAIN.

THINGS TO REMEMBER BY.

If a great fortune were unexpectedly left me (and it *would* be unexpected) I'll wager anything that I should never forget the time or place where I first heard of it. Or if I should go home to-night and find (which God forbid) my house burned up, and everything in it, I'm equally certain that the main circumstances connected with the event would stick in my memory until all the Past's pictures fade out in the light of the life that is to be. 'Twould be the same with you, I fancy? Yes.

And here comes a woman who will not soon forget the month of December 1890. It is not because Christmas comes in that month, for it is what she lost, not what was given her, that makes that particular time stand out above other times. And what she lost was her health, a matter worth talking about, as one never can tell when he may be more interested in that subject than in politics or the price of provisions.

She says her illness began with nausea. She could keep nothing on her stomach, and threw up what she calls a “dirty green fluid.” Now, this dirty green fluid is not a thing to be disgusted at, but to be studied and understood. It is bile, and bile is one of the most important agents in the getting rid of the contents of the bowels. It oils the way, so to speak, and helps to make the mass of stuff inside there more liquid and easily moved. The liver gets it from

the blood, and when our machinery is all right we don't know there is such a thing in our bodies. But when the liver is torpid and lazy, then the bile stays in the blood and poisons us all over. It makes the head ache, the skin yellow and dry, and finally is expelled from the mouth, as this woman says. Nature can't use it the right way, so she throws it overboard the best way she can, which is a bad and sickening way indeed.

Our lady friend goes on to mention that her tongue was covered with thick slime, her appetite was poor, she had a foul taste in the mouth, and what she ate gave her great pain in the chest and back. All these symptoms were signs of one trouble, and liable to do an immense amount of mischief, just as a wild animal loose in the streets may do a variety of mischief before he is captured and shut up again.

“I felt cold chills all over me,” she says, “and would sit over the fire for hours, for I felt so chilled and starved. I lost a deal of sleep at night, and often had to get up and walk about the floor.”

This was a miserable state to be in, and nobody ever experienced it without looking back to it with horror and dismay. That is, if he ever got over it; for some never do. They get worse and worse, until the doctors shake their heads, and old friends wipe their spees, and think about certain funerals that are going to come off before long. For this disease is the essence and substance of almost all the rest,

no matter what names they are called by. It scatters death with both hands, and fills you so full of pain and misery—mind and body—that you soon don't care much whether you live or not.

Well, let us hear more from our friend. “I had so much pain,” she says, “that it took all the power out of my body. At times my breathing almost stopped. I would gasp for breath, and for hours I was in agony. After any simple food I was so bad I had to lie on the couch, and one night I *thought I was dying*.”

“Last April my husband persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, that had cured him of liver complaint. I got a bottle from Mr. Jack, in High Street, and in a few days felt easier, and after taking three bottles more I was completely cured and have had no pain since. I *never felt better than I do now*.”

“Yours truly,
(Signed) “Isabella Liddell McEwan,
“78, Fisherrow, Musselburgh,
“near Edinburgh.”

“Sept. 17, 1891.”

We congratulate Mrs. McEwan on her recovery, and there are thousands who will do the same. Four months of acute indigestion and dyspepsia is enough, though many suffer for years because they either never heard of, or won't use, the remedy that cured her. And to enlighten them she wants us to publish this little history. Now she will remember April as well as December.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

There have been various small but significant signs lately, in the way of somewhat sharp and chilly winds, that the summer will not always be with us, and that, accustomed as we have grown to the warm weather, we must begin to prepare ourselves for the inevitable advent of winter. Now, winter is a synonymous term with furs, and the delights of the latter counterbalance the discomforts of the former to a very great extent, for it would be difficult to find the woman who did not look at her very best when enveloped in some furry garment, and, consequently, furs in general are beloved by all feminine hearts. I, for one, realise their value to the full, and, knowing how ruinous it is to one's purse to wait till the cold weather actually appears to make purchases of this kind, I felt that I could not do better than at once pay a visit to the headquarters of seal and sable, the International Fur Store, in Regent Street, and the information there gathered I place very willingly at your service, hoping that you will avail yourselves of it before furs reach their winter prices.

Sable, mink, and sealskin will be as much worn as ever, but the distinct effort which has been made to revive the popularity of ermine is not likely to be successful. Bear and other rough furs will still hold their ground, and boas are not yet to be discarded, while the collarettes of sable and mink will be more fashionable than ever. Sealskin is being used more for capes than for jackets, and certainly this rich and beautiful fur specially lends itself to their graceful folds, while all the jackets will have the full basques and sloping box-pleated sleeves which distinguish those made in the humbler silks and cloths.

One of the very newest things in fur, which is being shown at the International Fur Store, I was able to have sketched for you, and I expect that you will immediately fall a victim to its charms. It is a pelerine of sealskin, the long ends bordered with sable tails, each of the pleats on the shoulders being also separated with a sable tail; the high collar is edged with the same lovely fur, and for novelty and gracefulness of design, as well as for richness of appearance, this new pelerine is not likely to be excelled. With it is worn a huge granny muff of sable tail, and these muffs, by-the-way, are destined to be much more generally worn than they were last winter, when they were confined to a few only of the society leaders. The other sketch represents a very beautiful sealskin cape, with yoke and collar of Persian lamb, the shoulder capes being of the sealskin. It is really a marvel to note how any fashion can be copied in fur without being made heavy or clumsy, and their wonderful success in adapting every phase of fashion to all kinds of fur is one of the means by which the International Fur Store has made its name famous.

I was particularly struck with a smart military cape of sealskin, with a deep turned-down collar of mink and revers, which could either be worn turned-back or closed, while I could only stand in speechless admiration before a superb sealskin cape which had just been made for a German princess, and which had a deep turned-down collar and shoulder frills edged with sable tail. It was, indeed, a truly royal garment. A magnificent driving coat, which some lucky bride was including in her trousseau, was of tan-coloured box cloth, lined throughout with sable, the same fur forming the deep turned-down collar and cuffs, and edging the double-breasted front; but it is hopeless to attempt a description of

the thousand-and-one lovely things upon which I feasted my eyes—you want to see them for yourself to appreciate to the full all their beauty; but, in conclusion, I must have a word with those of you who are the possessors of husbands, and whisper to you very softly that I saw some splendid overcoats, lined throughout with fur and with fur collar and cuffs, for the very low sum of ten guineas. They are made to measure, too, for this price; so, if you want to make your lord and master a really acceptable birthday or Christmas present, all you have to do is to secretly take away some old coat or smoking jacket, and this will answer every purpose for measurement, for the proprietors of the International Fur Store are thoroughly accustomed to making up coats under these circumstances, without the aid of a personal fitting. Of course, if you are able to spend more money, you can get a still more handsome coat; but those for ten guineas are really marvellous value, and when you go to have a look at sealskin capes or jackets on your own behalf you should manage to catch a glimpse of them. What a sealskin jacket is to a woman—and it is a very great deal—a fur-lined coat is to a man; so bear this in mind, ye wives when you are racking your brains to think of a present for your better halves, and begin saving up at once.

Most of us, I expect, have at some time or the other had cause to thank Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, for turning some old and faded dress into a practically new one, or changing an unbecoming colour into the one we like best; while housewives can testify to the curtains and other household goods which they have renovated and cleaned with the best possible results. They are now coming out as benefactors in another way, as they have just issued their entertainment list for the coming winter season, an artistically designed and printed card, which can be placed in purse or card-case, and which shows at a glance the dates and particulars of all the leading entertainments, such as theatricals, concerts, lectures, &c. Messrs. P. and P. Campbell will send this most useful little list post free on application, and when writing for it you should at the same time make a point of asking for one of their catalogues, which will give you full particulars and prices for cleaning and dyeing all kinds of goods. It is always wise to have this information at hand, for to any woman with a modest dress allowance the Perth Dye Works indeed come as a veritable boon and blessing.

A LIFE-SAVING BELT.

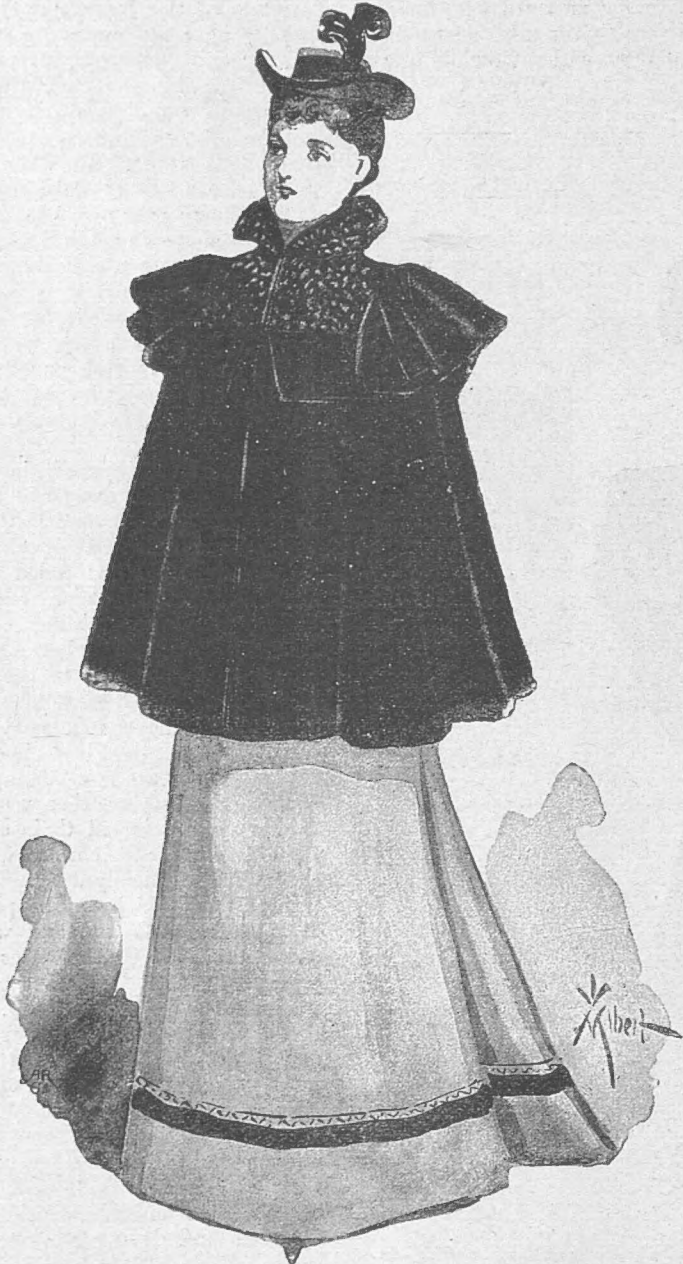
To turn for a few moments to a very serious subject, I do not expect that one of you can have

helped noticing the terrible increase in the number of deaths from drowning, and as each fresh fatality is brought to light it becomes more and more evident that some measures should be taken to prevent or minimise the dangers which threaten inexperienced and, indeed, even expert swimmers, for who, for instance, can guard against the awful effects of cramp? I happened to be talking the matter over the other day with a friend of mine, impelled thereto by the account of more names being added to the already long list of the drowned, and he drew my attention to a very clever invention which had, he said, already been the means of saving the lives of many people, and would, if used more generally, cause fatal accidents to be the exception and not the rule.

I felt that his information was so valuable that I cannot do better than repeat it to you, and you will be doing your friends and acquaintances a real service if you, in your turn, pass it on to them. The article to which I refer, then, is the "Minnow" life-belt, invented



and manufactured by Mr. W. R. Hargreaves, of 88, Oxford Road, Waterloo, near Liverpool, and sold by him at the very modest price of seven shillings and sixpence, post free. The belt weighs only a few ounces, and takes up so little space that it can be carried in the pocket, the process of inflation only occupying fifteen seconds. The wearers need have no fear of drowning under any circumstances, for if they use it when they are learning to swim they cannot sink, and if, when bathing or swimming, they should meet with any accident and become unconscious, or be seized with cramp, the belt is so constructed that it turns them on their back, and keeps them floating with their head well out of water. When on boating or yachting trips, the ordinarily most nervous can lay aside his or her fears completely if provided with a "Minnow" belt,



and everyone going on a long sea voyage should certainly include one among their absolute necessities. When you remember that this freedom from anxiety and immunity from danger can all be obtained for seven shillings and sixpence, I think you will agree with me in thinking that you should all make such a good investment at once, and set a good example by buying a belt for yourself, on the principle that charity begins at home.

FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

Now a word for those who wish to be rendered impervious to the attacks of wasps, gnats, flies, and all the other host of insects which try human endurance to the uttermost, and often render a holiday a mere trial of patience. "Mola" Mosquito Essence wages most successful war against these small but pertinacious annoyances, and absolutely prevents the bites of all insects. It is a delicately perfumed liquid preparation, which should be applied to face, neck, and hands, or sprinkled among the bedding, and, though pleasant enough to human senses, it is so absolutely repugnant to the insect world that they keep at a pleasantly respectful distance from anyone who has used it. In view of the wasp plague "Mola" acquires additional value, while, of course, to anyone going out to India or some other warm country where mosquitoes and such pests abound in maddening profusion, it is simply invaluable.

Wasps and other plagues will find their occupation gone if we all protect ourselves by means of "Mola." It is sold by all chemists, stores, &c., in shilling, half-crown, and 4s. 6d. bottles, and when holiday and country life can be rendered doubly pleasant by means of such a small expenditure, I do not think that anyone will grudge it, or refrain from giving "Mola" a trial.

FLORENCE.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The French Government is offering a reward to fishermen for the capture of porpoises in the Mediterranean, as these fish are terrible destroyers of smaller fry. One method of destruction is to throw out a bait, in which an indiarubber tube containing two strong needles has been placed, which, after being swallowed, causes peritonitis and death to the porpoise. This has settled a good many of them, but the Admiralty are aiming at wholesale destruction by dynamite, and at Marseilles last week torpedo boat No. 94 and the tug Sentinelle were sent out to give this deadly explosive a good trial. It answered perfectly, enormous numbers being killed, as the waters there teem with them. I remember once seeing thousands of porpoises in the Bosphorus; the water was almost black with them, in fact. I believe the Turks cure them in some way, and eat them when they become hard and dry.

At the Champs de Mars a sensation took place the other night by the sudden and unexpected arrest of the leader of one of the concert orchestras there. The unfortunate man was directing or conducting his band when he was suddenly seized by two detectives and arrested as a deserter from the 20th Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval, quartered at Châteaudun. He deserted in 1889, and has been living since under an assumed name. In a moment of weakness he confided in a woman, with whom he subsequently quarrelled, and, in revenge, she denounced him to the authorities.

M. de la Martinière recently got up a paper-chase for the amusement of a large party staying at this Château des Bordes, which proved a great success. He was present last year at some of these exhilarating sports in the New Forest, and brought the idea back to France with him. Frenchwomen are getting much more "sportswoman"-like every year, and nowadays take more exercise in a week than, fifty years ago, they did in a month. This change for the better will soon become noticeable in the rising generation.

A most amusing story is going the round about a little adventure that befel a well-known actress, who has the misfortune to own a pair of very large feet. She accidentally stepped into some mud at the corner of the Rue Lincoln and the Champs Elysées, where, fortunately for her, a boot-black is always stationed, whose aid in making her boots presentable she naturally solicited. The first boot was polished and cleaned to the last degree, but the second being placed on the pedestal, the exhausted man, quite at the end of his tether, threw his brushes down with a bang, exclaiming, "Ah! ma foi, j'y renonce! J'aime mieux frotter un appartement!"

The Mayor of a very small village in Lower Alsace has won the "gros lot" in the last drawing of the Panama Lottery, the value of it being £25,000. One may well say "What a happy lot is his!"

A once very celebrated French dancer has just died of *delirium tremens* in a workhouse at New York. This is "La Caravagliana," for whom Napoleon III. showed such an admiration that it led to *une scène de ménage fort orageuse* at the Tuileries, and which also caused such gossip and scandal that the *danseuse* was obliged to leave Paris. She afterwards married a Mr. Cunningham, a rich American, who subsequently divorced her on account of her intemperate habits, and which eventually grew upon her to such a degree that her miserable death was the outcome.

From Honfleur is reported the death of Altazin, who by his heroic efforts saved no less than twenty-nine deaths from drowning at different times. He received eleven different medals, of which he was very justly proud.

There have been ructions in the house of Félix, and their principal "cutter," Madame Judith, has left them and gone to their rival, Worth.

A very graceful action is attributed to Mdlle. Émilienne d'Alençon, the serpentine dancer. It seems that the young Duc d'Uzès, just before starting on his African explorations, gave the fair lady in question a superb black pearl, which she was to keep eternally as a *gage d'affection*. This is a noted family jewel, the fellow to which his brother had. Mdlle. d'Alençon, soon after the news of the untimely death of the young Duc, entrusted a friend of the Uzès family with the pearl in question, and requested him to give it to the Duchess, the bereaved mother, saying her son had forgotten it before his departure.

Yvette Guilbert, a greater favourite than ever with the generally frickle and changeable Parisians, has been singing for three nights at Lyons, where she received 1000 francs an evening—that is, £40. Some three or four years ago she was engaged to sing at the same music-hall for the sum of 100 francs a night, and on her first appearance was almost whistled off the stage, to the despair of the manager, who vented his disappointment on the unfortunate singer, whose appearance and style had failed to please the critical Lyonnais. Yvette Guilbert, in shaking off the dust from her boots of the inhospitable hall, said to the manager, "Patience, the day is not so very far off when you will offer me 1100 francs a night to sing instead of a hundred." She is, therefore, only 100 francs out of her calculation.

MIMOSA.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.

The Horizontal Grand Pianofortes, Style 35, contain the Brinsmead complete metal frame, cast in one piece, which is unequalled in strength and durability, and artistic construction and design.
Every Brinsmead Grand Pianoforte is fitted with the patent "perfect check repeater" action, which provides a leverage for the finger of the performer theoretically and practically perfect.
Price 100 guineas, or £3 15s. per quarter on the three years' system.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
Pianoforte Makers to T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales.
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N.B.—Substantial secondhand goods always on view at reduced prices.



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TORPID LIVER.



SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver
Without fail.
Of all Chemists.

1s. 1½d.

**CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.**

BROOKE'S SOAP

MONKEY BRAND



WONT WASH CLOTHES



*The Pot once called the Kettle black,
 The Kettle hurled the slander back;
 But "MONKEY BRAND" soon changed their strife,
 To bright and sparkling wedded life.*

FOR HOUSEHOLD, SHOP, FACTORY, AND ON SHIPBOARD.

A pound's worth of labour at the cost of a penny.

A day's work in an hour.

Splendour and Speed.

Brightness and Comfort from roof to cellar.

For a thousand uses in kitchen, pantry, scullery, and parlour.

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD. MAKES TIN LIKE SILVER. MAKES PAINT LOOK NEW.

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OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)
INSURANCE TICKET. *(Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland).*

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

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Sept. 20, 1893.

Signature.....

THE

English Illustrated Magazine

Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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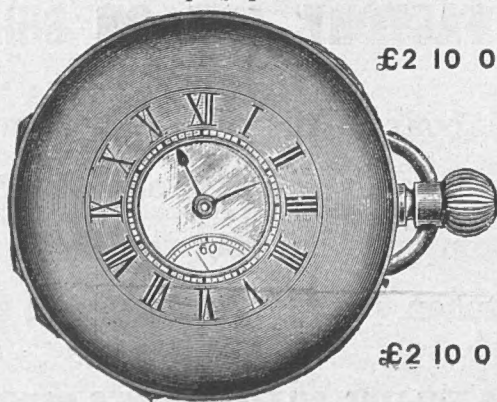
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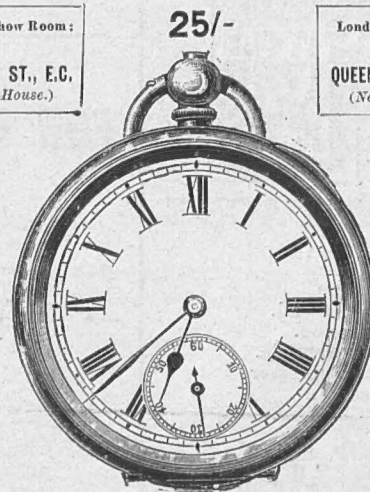
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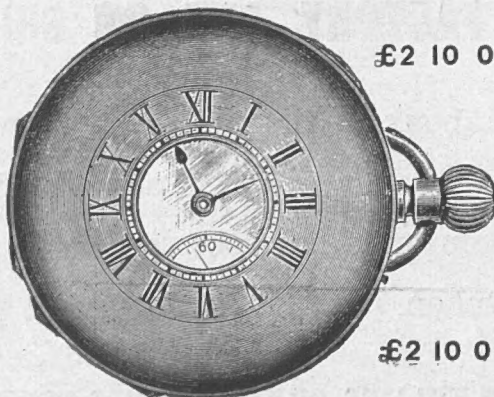
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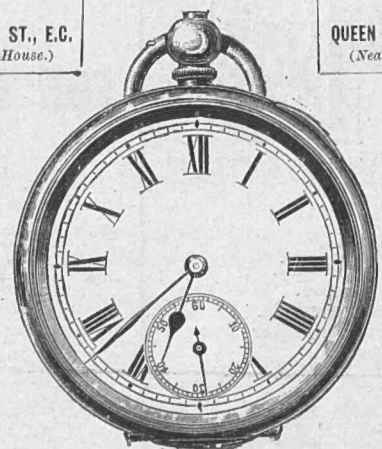
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